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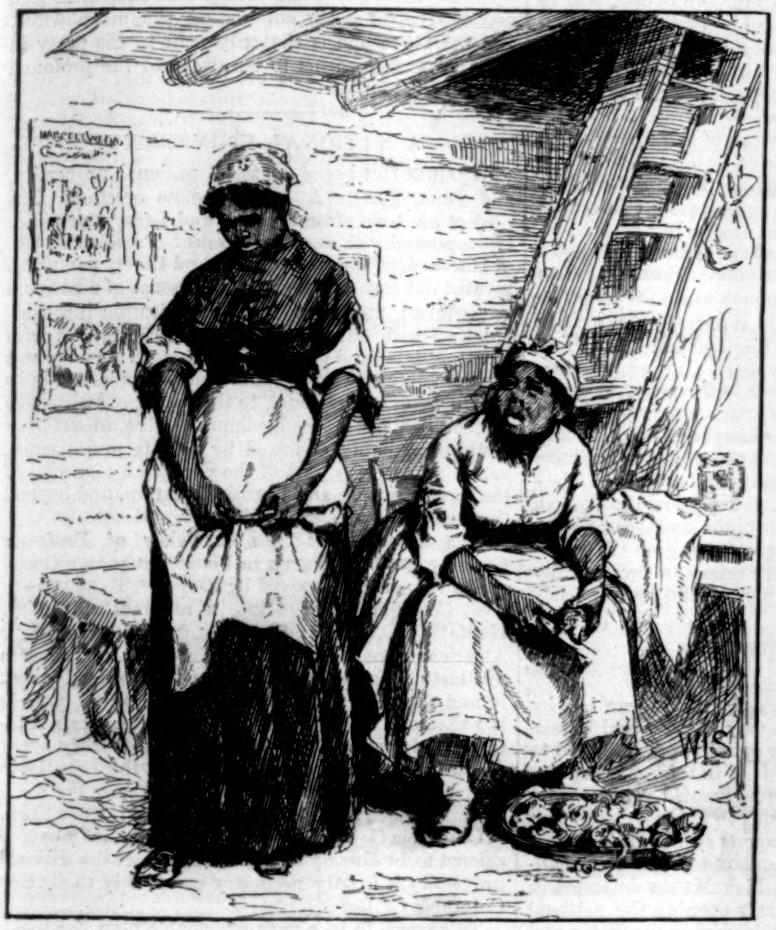


"SHE HUNG HER HEAD."

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

BY SOPHIE SHEPARD.

I.

VINEY felt that life was hard. Viney was a maid of sixteen, brown of color, and as pretty as one of Stoddard's South-sea Island girls—though for my part I have never quite believed in the charms of those winsome nymphs. In her soul Viney was a frivolous little wretch who loved to feast, flirt, sing, and dance, regardless of the fact that she might have to pay the piper. Her tastes, indeed, did not stand in the way of her usefulness, for Viney was "as handy as the next one"; she worked right royally when she worked, and idled, it must be owned, after the same fashion. Her discontent now was not owing to the meanness of opportunity, for plenty of gayety went on about her. Fate in the shape of an elder sister stood between her and the desires of her heart. This sister, Mrs. Ally Phil Hancock by name, was a shining light in the Happy Hollow Baptist Church, and she put her foot down too hard for it to become entangled in "de devil's snares," as she called junketings of a worldly nature. Her special duty was to keep watch and ward over Viney, and train her in the way she should go. This was no easy task, for Viney was a born rebel. With a figure supple as that of the Discus-thrower, strong statuesque arms, and extraordinary agility of motion, she would have been a terrific foe to meet in an Amazonian fray. But fortunately she was very good-natured, and extremely susceptible to kind words. "Sis Ally" managed her without the least trouble in life, when she followed her own ideas in the matter, and did not allow herself to be too much guided by Elder Simeon Buford, who had long regarded Viney as a "brand."

"De trouble is, Sis Ally," complained Viney one day, "you ain't *neber* willin' fur me ter have no fun."

"What you call fun, chile?" said Ally, good-humoredly, resting one hand on her hips. Ally was ten years Viney's senior, "an' ten years ahead of her in looks," her admirers declared. The truth is, the sisters were exactly alike, except that for the last ten years one had been growing tall and the other broad—very broad.

"Well, picnics an' parties an' barbecues an' dancin'!"

"Dancin'! Now see here, Viney, dar's one thing you kin purpose yo' min' on, an' dat is dis: When de devil sees a sinner er-dancin', he is glad on it—*powerful* glad on it—an' he keeps rattlin' in de light-wood knots ter make de fire double hetted fur 'em."

"Dunno 'bout dat, but I does know dat you ain't willin' fur me ter hab de joys ov life."

"You'll neber know dem joys, Viney, till you is a worker in de vineyard ov de Lord; but if it's gaddin' about you're hankerin' arter, I'm sure we have enough o' dat ter satisfy a cormorus."

"Yes, baptizin's an' funerals."

"Well, baptizin's is very joyous occasions, an' funerals is improvin' to de soul, however dey harries de feelin's. An' den look at de tea parties we is invited to attend wid our presence an' fur ter eat chicken pie, an' drink coffee, an' praise de Lord."

"'Pears like you don't have no interestin' folks at yo' 'semblages. Now ef you would jes' sprinkle in a few young 'uns, like—like—"

"Like Jack Chaney, maybe you're tryin' ter say," said Ally, severely.

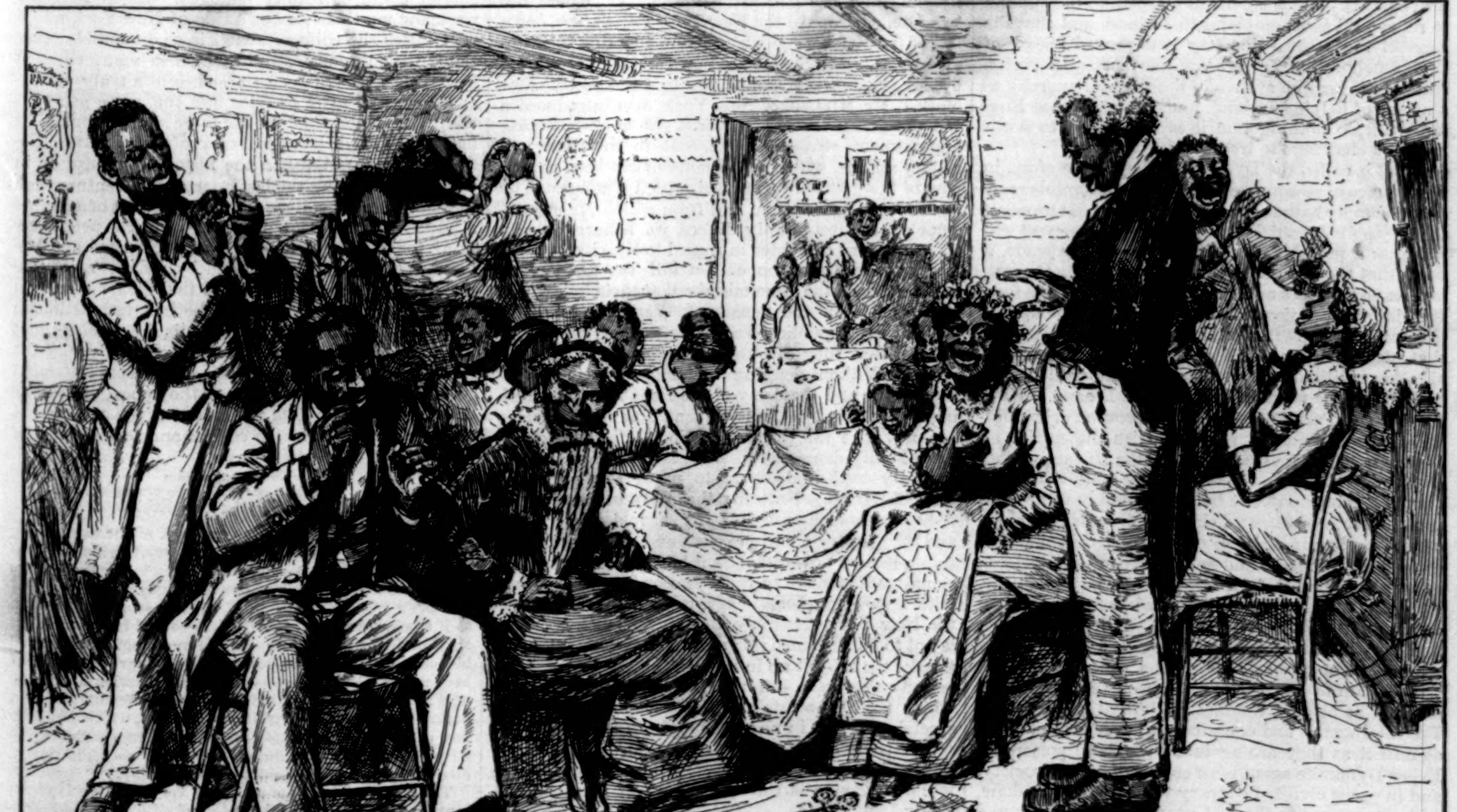
Viney blushed; and Ally knew she blushed, though no sign was visible through her dusky skin. She hung her head too, and dug her toes into the ground, but finally, plucking up heart of grace:

"S'posin' I did mean Jack Chaney? I guess you kin cross many a waggin track widout meetin' anybody any fairer-spoken dan him. Now, Sis Ally, dat gran' quiltin' o' your'n, why don't you give Jack a invite?"

"He can't darken my do'," said Ally, solemnly. "Fur what does de hymn say?

'Blest is de man—'

[*Continued on page 246.*



"THE 'BROTHERS' ASSISTED IN THE QUILTING."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 21, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE DYNAMITE CAMPAIGN.

NOBODY who is familiar with the facts, not even Mr. Parnell or Mr. Davitt, holds that the oppression of Ireland by England is now so cruel and hopeless as to justify armed and bloody revolution. Their policy, in view of all the abuses that have been corrected, is that of O'Connell—that further changes are to be sought by lawful means. That there has been in times past enormous injustice in Ireland is undeniable; that England was largely responsible for it is unquestionable; that there is still much individual suffering due to individual wrong and to unwise laws is probable; and that all such injustice ought to be remedied every honest man will admit. On the other hand, that unjust laws in Ireland have been repealed, that immense abuses have been corrected, that the condition of the country has been greatly improved, that there is a general disposition in England to relieve all just complaint in Ireland, and that the head of the present ministry is a proved friend of Irish amelioration, are all familiar facts. In such a situation to begin a system of murder and anarchy as a means of helping Ireland, under the plea that England will do nothing that it is not forced to do, is merely a challenge to tremendous reprisals.

What is called the Dynamite policy is therefore, in the absence of reasonable justification of forcible revolution, simply agitation by assassination. It proposes to carry political objects by murder. If Congress will not pass a prohibitory tariff or decree free trade, it holds that the opposition should blow up the Capitol, and leave Senators and Representatives to their fate. It is, in fact, a project of extermination of the opposition, and Mr. Lowell tells but the truth in saying that such a scheme is as repulsive to Americans as to all other civilized people. Mr. Parnell is the leader and one of the founders of the Land League. He is a member of Parliament, and he approves Parliamentary agitation and the relief of Irish difficulties by laws passed in the usual way. To the Dynamite leaders this seems to be a milk-and-water method. Their plan is to blow up public buildings, and to destroy innocent men, women, and children, friends and opponents together, in order to coerce the Government to adopt some unknown and undefined course in Ireland, or to exasperate it to shake off Ireland altogether. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt and their friends are coming to stand for a Gironde in the Irish agitation, and men like the informer Casey and his fellow-assassins are apparently to be the accepted leaders. The Dynamite policy is sheer anarchy and social dissolution as against humanity, civilization, and law. The intelligence and conscience of every country are against it as they are against piracy and poisoning. Every Dynamite agent is an enemy of human society, and in every civilized country whatever can be done, with due regard to the just guarantees of liberty and within the forms of law, to suppress criminal actions will certainly be done.

There are some readers who impatiently ask why England does not cut Ireland adrift. But what would happen, and by what right could any civilized country take such a responsibility without a free and fair demand honestly made and ascertained, and without opportunity for a careful and timely adjustment of terms? The condition of the Irish people is summed up in two words—poverty and ignorance. Ireland separated from England would be at once dominated by the most cruel despotism, that of the Dynamite agents. It would not be Parnell and Davitt and McCarthy, but Casey and Brady and the assassins of Phœnix Park, who would rule a destitute and superstitious population. The "landlords" would be "brought to justice," and a saturnalia of terror would follow the "independence of Ireland." It is not a decent or an honorable answer to say that England might thank herself for it, because the real question is not the origin of the present situation, but its wise relief. Undoubtedly there may be a very large party in England for summary separation from Ireland. But separation would mean murderous desertion of those whom England is bound to protect, including Irishmen in England and both Englishmen and Irishmen in Ireland. The only humane course is legal remedy of wrongs. But every murder and explosion and outrage makes such remedy more difficult and improbable. It is the misfortune of this country that money is given here for "the cause of Ireland" which is probably devoted to criminal purposes, and it is very irritating to those who suffer by the crimes that money so given should be so used. But such transactions necessarily elude the law, because the money is not given for an avowed criminal object. If a man should professedly receive money to aid the perpetration of crime, the law would interfere. Or if there were declared war between England and Ireland, we should strictly observe neutrality. Or if a conspiracy to commit crime were known to the police, it would be suppressed. But the law can not prevent gifts of money to aid Ireland, or Germany, or France, or any other country. The people of the United States have no sympathy with crime of any kind or degree. They do not smile at the Irish situation because the English opinion of "society," and the clubs, and the ministry, was unfriendly to us in our great struggle. Whenever and wherever the United States can properly lay their hands upon Dynamite plotters and assassins they will not hesitate.

STRIKING A SNAG.

THE passage of the administrative reform bill by Congress, in obedience to a very decisive and unmistakable expression of public opinion, naturally led to the introduction of similar bills in the State Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania. This was especially proper, for it was in both of those States that the abuses and evils of the spoils system first appeared, and the surrender of Jackson to what Clay called the New York system, which Marcy defended in his famous phrase, was merely opening the national service to mischiefs long established in the States, and which from Jefferson's inauguration had been steadily besieging the general government. There are two bills pending in the New York Legislature, one a bill of the Reform Association, and adapting the Congressional bill to State conditions, and one introduced by Mr. Roosevelt, applicable to the city of New York. Mr. Miller, of New York, also introduced a bill providing for inquiries into the number, duties, appointment, etc., of officers, both in the State and county service, which by his consent has been made a part of the first bill mentioned, which is supported by the Reform Association, and from which Mr. Roosevelt's bill substantially differs, we believe, only in its mandatory character in regard to the city.

Upon the discussion of the bill the Democratic speakers made the same mistake that their fellow-partisans made in the Senate at Washington. They taunted the Republicans as being the sick monk, forgetting that they assumed the position of the well monk. Without denying the justice of their gibes at the trifling and the delay of the Republicans in dealing with the subject, it is evident that such sneering can not take the place of action. The Democrats have loudly demanded reform, and the demand was perfectly well understood to mean this particular kind of reform. Not only the party in general, but individual members of the party, have declared for it, and the country plainly expects and requires it. Nothing, indeed, now obstructs it but the class of professional politicians. In this situation it is useless, even with a party purpose, to say, with Mr. Haggerty in the New York Assembly, that the Democratic party is not to be bulldozed into sustaining a bill, but ought to take the subject up in its own time and way. The introduction of a bill providing for the reform to which the Democrats are pledged, and making it a special order, are in no sense bulldozing, and the Democratic party in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, and New York, has shown no disposition whatever to promote reform; while in Congress the opposition was almost exclusively Democratic.

The wise party course under the circumstances is precisely the same for both parties. The Democratic argument for doing nothing is that the Democratic party is sure to elect the next President, and that it is suicidal to abandon the patronage. But the more obvious this position becomes—and it is already very evident—the more certain is Democratic defeat. The very fact that the Republicans aid their party immensely by favoring this reform should open Democratic eyes. Vague declamation about stopping peculation and correcting abuses, when accompanied by no mention of methods and by derision of all methods proposed, is child's play, and deceives nobody. How do the Democrats mean to stop peculation and correct abuses? Is it merely by electing Democrats? Then the country has only to look at Democratic government in the city of New York, and Democratic speeches and votes in Congress, and Democratic speeches and votes and acts in the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the tone of the Democratic press, to decide whether Democratic ascendency is in itself a security against abuses of administration. Governor Cleveland, who came in upon a "tidal wave," said truly that success in 1884 depended upon party conduct in the mean while. But the Governor is the only man in his party in New York who seems to be aware of the profound truth of his remark.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

Washington hoped to see a national university, and John Quincy Adams urged its erection. The project has been often revived, and a few years since it was pushed with some persistence. President Eliot, of Harvard, in a very sagacious and timely pamphlet, pointed out that a national, in the sense of a national government, university was an institution inconsistent both with our principles of education and with our traditions, and that a true national university was not one supported by the public money, and left, in its organization and conduct, to the mercy of politicians in Congress, but a broad, comprehensive, unsectarian institution, amply endowed by private munificence, appealing to every part of the country by its offer of the most complete and liberal education, and beyond the reach of parties and politicians.

This is evidently also the view of Professor Charles Sprague Smith in his recent proposition—which is heartily approved by President Barnard—to erect Columbia College into a national university. He states that large and increasing numbers of young Americans are compelled by the want of adequate scholarly training in this country to go abroad to seek it, and that this proclamation of intellectual poverty is a shame in which we ought not to acquiesce. A fitting site for an institution which shall satisfy every requirement of study he holds, and we think justly, to be the central city of the country, and since the foundations of such a school are already laid in New York, in Columbia College, the work, he thinks, may be considered to be already begun, and to erect the national university it is only necessary completely to develop Columbia College.

This seems to be a very reasonable plan, for whatever sectarian or other limitations there may be in the charter could be readily removed. As we said last week, the munificence and pride of New York might well foster the college, which is so honorably associated with the city, and in which so many eminent New-Yorkers have been trained, into a truly national university. The broader and the more generous the policy of the trustees, the more will the public be inclined to heed the appeal of Professor Smith. Nothing is more striking in the history of education in the country during the last quarter of a century than the change in the college system from that of a recluse academy into that of a great school of the people, relying for prosperity not upon an antiquated and traditional curriculum supervised by pedants and pedagogues, but upon the perception that the true function of a university is to provide the best instruction in every study, that the chief point is the teachers, not the scholars, because scholars will naturally seek the most accomplished instructors. The recent statement of the trustees of Columbia and the appeal of Professor Smith will stimulate an interest which can not but be of great service to the college and to the cause of good education.

HUNT'S "BATHERS."

We have often had occasion to speak of the astonishing progress of wood-engraving in this country, to which we trust something of a fresh impulse will be given by the proposition of the Harpers for a competition of designs in illustration of Domett's "Christmas Hymn." It has sometimes seemed as if steel-engraving might be left behind in the race, but Mr. J. A. Lowell, of Boston, has been of another mind, and his interest in the development of steel-engraving has just been rewarded by the remarkable reproduction upon steel of William M. Hunt's "Bathers," by S. A. Scholl. Of Mr. Scholl's admirable portrait of Emerson, which Mr. Norton chose for the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, we have already spoken. But the "Bathers" seems to mark a distinct epoch of progress in steel-engraving.

The composition of the picture is very simple. It represents a darkly embowered stretch of still water, and a naked boy, with his back to the spectator, and with arms outstretched to balance himself for a spring, stands upon the shoulders of another boy hidden in the water to his armpits. The flesh quality and modelling, the lithe suppleness of the young figure, the delicately balanced pose, are all reproduced with such freedom, vigor, and subtlety that at a little distance the richness and roundness and fullness of the engraving wonderfully replace the picture. The hardness and fixed precision of the older style are lost in the flowing grace and broad fidelity of this treatment, and those who knew Hunt's delight in every finer form of art can imagine the enthusiasm with which he would have recognized the co-operation of the engraver's feeling and skill with his own.

This work reveals new possibilities in steel-engraving, and, with the amazing progress in engraving upon wood, it is an exceedingly interesting illustration of American activity in art. Mr. Lowell, to whose energy, confidence, and liberality the result is due, in the honest pursuit of his business, has done also a public service, for such is every advance in the nobler arts.

"DIALECT TALES."

The pretty volume under this title is peculiarly American. Like Bret Harte's frontier stories, these tales treat of aspects of life and of a kind of humor which are unknown elsewhere, and of which there are glimpses in the journals of travellers in the South and Southwest of the United States. They have a certain historic value, also, because the kind of life which they portray will vanish rapidly before the advance of a new spirit into every remote and secluded part of the country. Already the vivid pictures of life in Mr. Olmsted's *Sea-board Slave States* are strange, like those of Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, so striking have been the changes in the regions which he describes. "Sherwood Bonner," in the profusely illustrated volume of *Dialect Tales*, which is just published by the Harpers, has in the same way rescued odd traits of humor and characteristic scenes which will soon be known only in such books.

DISRAELI AS A FRIEND OF THIS COUNTRY.

There has been always a feeling in this country that Lord Beaconsfield was honestly friendly to the Union during the late war, and his attitude has been cited to disparage that of Mr. Gladstone. A recent letter in the London *Advertiser*, however, shows that the impression in regard to Disraeli is unfounded. The writer says that he had frequent conversations with Lord Beaconsfield upon the subject, and that his lordship always regarded "recognition" as a possible card to be played at the right moment.

The invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee he held to be the favorable time, and he told the correspondent that he thought that the moment for action had arrived. He was of opinion that the proposition should proceed from the Tory or Confederate side, and that it would come best from him, while Lord Palmerston would be glad to accept a Parliamentary declaration of a policy which he personally approved. The correspondent, quoting Disraeli's words, says:

> "'But,' he continued, 'I can not speak without more knowledge of the subject than I now possess, and I should be glad if you could give me a brief, furnishing the necessary statistics of the population, the institutions, the commercial and political prospects, of the Southern States, in order that when the moment comes I may be fully armed.' I procured the necessary information from the best authorities, and placed it in his hands. Every day seemed to bring the moment for its use nearer, and the general feeling in the House of Commons was perfectly ripe for the motion in favor of 'recognition,' when the news of the battle of Gettysburg came like a thunder-clap upon the country. General Meade defeated Lee and saved the Union, and from that day not another word was heard in Parliament about recognition. A few days afterward I saw Mr. Disraeli, and his exact words were, 'We nearly put our foot in it.'"

This statement is corroborated by that of a gentleman who was entirely familiar with the situation in England at the time. He says that although Disraeli himself waited to see how the cat would jump, his *alter ego*, Lord Cairnes, and all the Tory set, were as actively mischievous as they could be, and doubtless with the connivance of their chief. Palmerston swaggered and blazed to the music halls about the *Trent* affair in his usual style. But one of his colleagues assured the gentleman whose view we quote that Palmerston was not inclined to recognize the Confederacy. He had been all his life crusading against slavery, from mixed motives, and this undoubtedly restrained him, while he certainly resisted the strongest solicitations of Louis Napoleon. That Disraeli was friendly to the side of the government in our struggle is a mere Wondrous Tale of Alroy.

THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL AND THE GREAT ORGAN.

The statement that the great organ in the Boston Music Hall had been sold is incorrect. But the sale has been suggested, in order, apparently, to provide a few more seats, and there is a strong and very intelligible feeling of opposition to the sale. The organ is one of the largest and finest in the country, and like the great organ at Haarlem, in Holland, it is a pride of the city. There is no other place to which it could be removed, and should it be taken down it must be laid away, and necessarily suffer great injury. Its removal would put an end to the noble oratorio performances of the Handel and Haydn Society, which are one of the great musical traditions of the city, and the Music Hall robbed of its organ would have lost its unique distinction.

For such a loss it can not be thought that the gain of some two hundred seats would be an adequate compensation, and there is a singular misconception of the value of association in the proposition to sell so essential and characteristic a part of such a hall. Surely an organ is needed in the Music Hall, and to replace this magnificent instrument by a meaner one would be only to make permanent a humiliating contrast. It is the great organ which justifies the distinctive name of the building, as it is its most fitting decoration.

We do not quite understand why opposition to the removal of the organ should be regarded as a "sentiment," in the sense of sentimentality. The feeling which consecrates Bunker Hill or Faneuil Hall is undoubtedly a sentiment, and so was the patriotism which is associated with both. To many persons without a musical ear delight in music seems to be only sentiment. It is sentiment which hangs the portraits in Faneuil Hall, and it is sentiment only which would be concerned at their removal. But certainly it is a sentiment worthy of cultivation. Is not any building invested with a noble and elevating sentiment in itself a refining and beneficial possession for any community? And is not the same thing true of the parts of a building, or those objects in it which a similar sentiment invests? The Elgin Marbles in London are not what they were in Athens, nor was the temple from which they were stolen the same after they were gone. The Music Hall when the great organ is gone will have suffered an irremediable loss.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The portrait upon another page is that of one of the youngest Republican leaders of the Assembly, who has fortunately inherited the manly public spirit of his father, with an intrepidity and independence which are as valuable as they are unusual in public life. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the very few Assemblymen that the Republican party is able to send from the city to the Legislature, and he and his colleague Mr. Howe have represented the highest character and purpose of the party.

Like many of the younger Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt holds the soundest views upon public questions with the feeling that the Republican party is the organization which from its traditional principles and the character of its membership is more likely wisely to secure the public welfare. This feeling has been undoubtedly strengthened in the case of Mr. Roosevelt by his observation of the course of the Democratic party in the Legislature. That party has done nothing whatever to inspire public confidence, and Mr. Roosevelt has been among the most active in stripping off the mask of Democratic professions of economy and reform.

With energy and ardor, and with a directness and plainness of speech from which older legislators shrink, Mr. Roosevelt in the last session moved the Westbrook inquiry, and in the present session he has urged proceedings to vacate the charter of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company. He has also introduced the municipal civil service reform bill, and his voice and vote are sure for whatever is honest, wise, and progressive.

MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

The Harpers have issued in a neat volume the letters of Mrs. Carlyle to her husband and various friends, and the book is one of singular interest because it is so intimate a revelation of a remarkable woman who was well known by her friends to be hardly less striking a person than Carlyle. The apparently remorseful tone of the *Reminiscences*, and the opinion freely expressed by Mr. Froude in his memoir of Carlyle's earlier years that Carlyle was grossly and selfishly negligent of his wife, permitting a superior woman to become the slave of his whims and convenience, produced a strong and general feeling of antipathy to him as a man. But the glimpses of Mrs. Carlyle in the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, and a more careful consideration of Carlyle's imaginative richness and extravagance of expression, have favorably modified that feeling.

The present volume, which is one of extraordinary interest, enables the reader to understand still more truly the exact situation. Carlyle and his wife were both persons of genius and of most positive character and tastes. They were both in ill health and very poor. He was absorbed in study and writing. She was contriving and toiling to make both ends meet. Much of her life was sacrificed to the most teasing details, and the only consolation which the situation might have offered—the constant and tender sympathy of her husband in lightening somewhat the heavy burden—was wanting, by reason of his temperament and preoccupation.

But that they were very closely attached to each other, that she was very proud of him, and happy in being his wife, despite all the clouds and irritations and troubles in the household, is evident. He had plainly great defects of character, and she had often the consciousness of powers totally repressed. But the humoristic turn of the mind of each, and their remarkable facility and felicity of expression, make it necessary to read very closely between the lines to determine the precise relation. That done, there will be greater justice to both than it seems to us is awarded by Mr. Froude. The book is one of extraordinary interest, and it will take a permanent place among the most valuable collections of letters in our literature.

PERSONAL.

The farewell dinner given to Mr. Elihu Vedder by the Tile Club, of which he is a conspicuous luminary, was a graceful personal tribute to an American artist who has brains, and whose early return from Rome will be very generally wished for. A public exhibition of some of Mr. Vedder's paintings is now holding in Boston.

—When the news of the steam-ship *Arizona's* collision with an iceberg, some months ago, reached New York city, considerable anxiety was aroused in the breasts of the officers of one of the small mercantile life-insurance companies. Seven members of the organization were on board the vessel, and their simultaneous deaths would have imperiled its life.

—A New-Yorker who recently attended a fancy-dress ball in ordinary evening attire was naïvely said by a lady to have been "disguised as a gentleman."

—The studio of a celebrated American painter was visited by a collector of rents. "Ah!" exclaimed the latter, standing at the proper distance from a newly hung landscape, and admiring it with enthusiasm, "there's nature for you!" Then approaching near enough to smell the pigments, he added, "But these trees need finishing up a little." Such, thought the painter, is popular art-criticism.

—The modern missionary shines also as a pioneer in philology. During the last ten years the Madagascar missionaries have made important discoveries among the words and dialects, the legends and the folk-lore, of the islanders.

—"It is the boast of New York that any charity that can prove itself to be practical and well administered is never allowed to languish for want of funds in that city," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "The Fresh Air Fund of the New York *Tribune* was an instance. The *Tribune* had only to show that for every three dollars contributed a poor child could have a fortnight's vacation in the country, and means were supplied for the holidays of 5600 children. London has in this respect taken a leaf, though as yet, we fear, but a small one, out of the book of New York." Much of the success of this charity is due to the tact, perseverance, and benevolent impulses of the Rev. Willard Parsons, its superintendent.

—A well-known American singer declares that a matinée audience does not tempt the performers on the stage to draw upon their best resources: "We singers, indeed, like to sing to the people, and nothing pleases us more than a representative country audience; but at matinées the listeners are almost exclusively ladies, and the muffled applause of their gloved hands is depressing. What we want is downright noise—with canes, umbrellas, feet, anything. It is the loudness of the appreciation that inspires us."

—The accident to Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by which he broke his collar-bone after jumping off the platform of a street car, has elicited many expressions of sympathy. Mr. Bergh was born in 1823, and is the son of the eminent American ship-builder Christian Bergh. His useful and successful society was incorporated in 1866.

—The offer of a prize by Harper & Brothers for the best illustration to Domett's "Christmas Hymn" has created a stir among the young artists of America. At present writing more than thirteen hundred applications for copies of the hymn have been sent in by aspirants for the honor and the prize. A large majority of the applications are from New York city; then follow, in the order named, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati. Several have been received from New Orleans and Charleston, and one from Zuñi.

—The imagination of Sir William Hamilton could picture mathematics among the fine arts. "To my particular constitution of mind," he wrote, "a mathematical theory presents even more of 'the intense unity of a living spirit' than the work of a poet or of an artist. Even the *Principia* of Newton, which is ordinarily perused as a model of inductive philosophy, I consider as being rather a work, a fabric, *an architectural edifice*, the external results of which have been, and will be, changed by the progress of experimental science, but which will always be interesting to mathematicians as a structure of beautiful thoughts."

—Handel was born on the 24th of February, 1684, and it is suggested that a bicentennial celebration of the author of the *Messiah* would be appropiate next year. But when Beethoven's remark that "Handel is the unequalled master of all masters" is quoted in this connection, it will be remembered that new masters have appeared since his day, and that even Beethoven praised him not absolutely, but as the producer of "great effects with scanty means."

—The *Academy* advises every bachelor who has the slightest respect for the dignity of his position to consider a well-known Frenchman's statement before investing in a victoria or a landau: "The victoria marks you as a candidate for matrimony, and leads you down an irresistible incline into the landau, where you are inextricably engaged beyond all hope of venture."

—Lord Grey thinks that England's attempts to prevent the horrors of a war of extermination between the white and black races of South Africa have made matters worse instead of better; and the *Cape Argus*, a newspaper of that region, declares that the black races are increasing so fast that there is more danger of them preying on Englishmen than of Englishmen preying on them.

—Every man of the British militia recently encamped at Brighton is said to have felt as much "loyal satisfaction" in the sight of the King's Head Inn, where Charles II. spent the night before sailing for Shoreham, as did Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney more than a hundred years ago.

—A whisper in New York having become audible in Chicago by means of the telephone, an English editor predicts that before many years the more important debates in Parliament will be delivered in the hearing of Great Britain, and such a speech as Mr. John Bright's recent one at Glasgow will be heard simultaneously by great audiences in every town in the land.

—Mr. Alexander Williams, of the well-known Boston firm of A. Williams & Co., booksellers and publishers, has retired from business. The event is one of interest not only to Bostonians, with whom the "Old Corner Book-store" has been for so many years an institution, but to the book trade at large. Mr. Williams was the oldest bookseller in the city, and he will take with him in his retirement the best wishes of thousands of friends. His large and prosperous business will be continued by his three partners, under the name of Cupples, Upham, & Co.

—In an age when young Japan wears the evening dress of Parisian civilization, and when young Honolulu takes unaffectedly to brandy and seltzer or Apollinaris, it is a comfort, writes a foreign editor, to reflect that one corner of the world, Corea, still resolutely refuses to be moulded into the single uniform, stereotyped, Western pattern. "What a pretty, picturesque, varied world it will be, to be sure, when everybody indues himself in frock-coats and chimney-pots with singular unanimity from Kamtchatka to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the converted polar Esquimau to the polite and cultivated inhabitants of a Europeanized Patagonia!"

—An extract from the shooting register kept on a prince's estate in Austria shows that last year more than 75,000 deer, wild-boars, roebuck, pheasants, partridges, hares, wild-duck, and other game were killed.

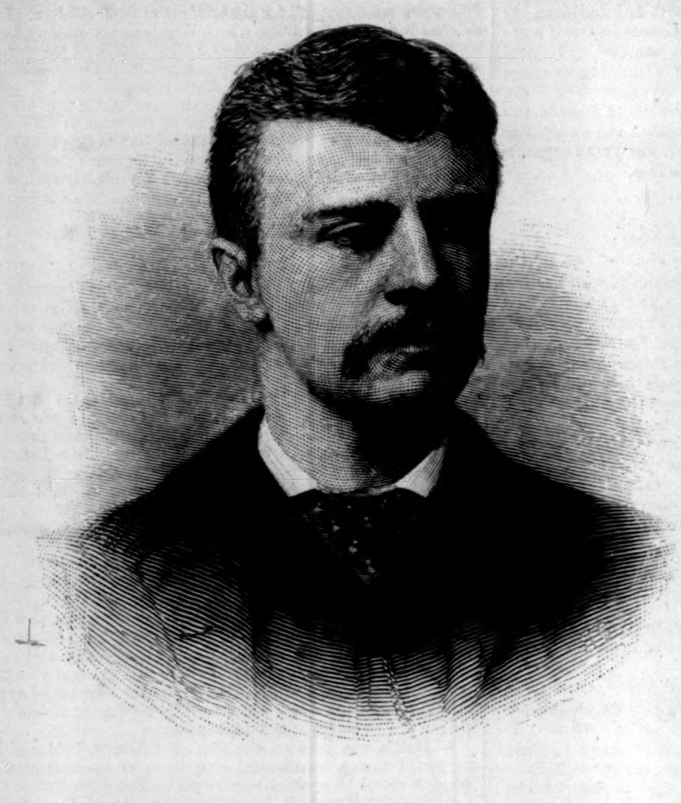
—The vestry of a church near London have resolved that the Athanasian Creed be read no more during service, and that the vicar shall be "guaranteed against pains and penalties" if he acts in accordance with their wishes in this respect.

—Shall the sixpence toll now levied on all visitors to the church in Stratford-on-Avon where Shakspeare's bones lie be used in paying the salaries of the curates or in keeping the edifice in repair? This great question still excites discussion in the land of the immortal bard. If the money must be raised at all, why not expend it in promoting a knowledge of Shakspeare's works?

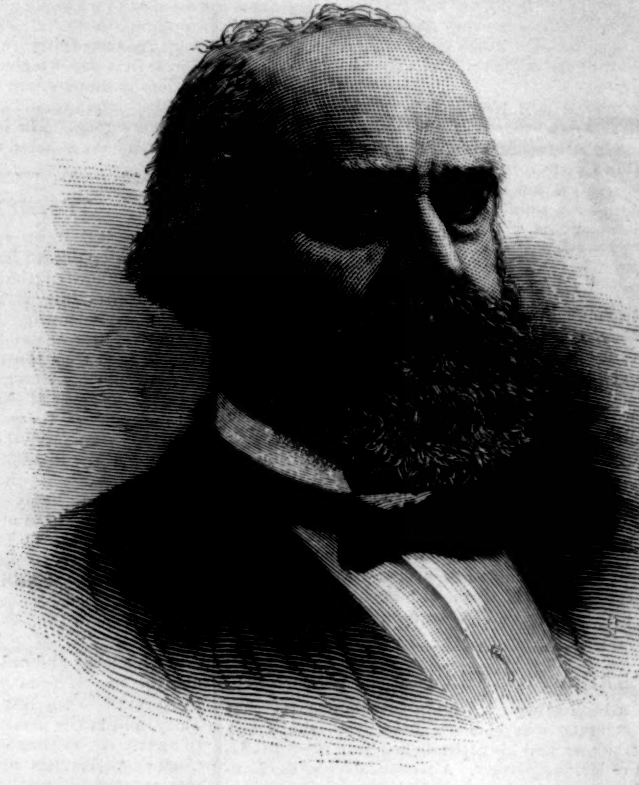
—Lady Florence Dixie refused to call in a physician after her alleged attack by highwaymen, because, as she said, "I dislike doctors." Thereupon the *Lancet* asks why people sometimes dislike them: "In part, doubtless, this feeling may arise from the recognition that doctors lift up the veil, and see the psycho-physical being behind it; and probably, in a certain proportion of instances, the sense of being known is not pleasant."

—In his eloquent funeral oration on the late Peter Cooper, the Rev. Mr. Collyer said that the founder of the Cooper Institute "stands alone, so far as I know, among the men who would do some great work for the help and blessing of the whole nation, and have lived to see that work perfected in their own life and time."

—Twelve Arabian acrobats, from Fez, Algiers, and Tunis, arrived a few days ago in New York city. To a *Times* reporter, who addressed them in their native Arabic, one of the number said: "We thought the steamer was going down every moment. We hardly ate anything during the voyage, and we do not feel very strong just now. We made a vow to our saint, Sidi ben Abbas, that if we reached land in safety, we would give him an offering of gold; so when we got to New York we took some gold coins, tied them up in a cloth, and threw them into the sea; they will find their way to the treasury of the saint just the same as if we put them there ourselves. I said to the sea: 'Oh, you blue sea, if they ploughed you, and sowed seeds on you, and the grass were to grow all over you, I'll never trust you again.'"



THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 243.]



CARTER HARRISON, RE-ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEHRIG.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPION.

THE late Billiard Tournament at Chicago, which resulted in a decisive victory for **JACOB SCHAEFER** over **MAURICE VIGNAUX**, the most celebrated player of France, has given rise to considerable bickering among devotees of the game. It is asserted that some experts claim that it was understood from the outset that **SCHAEFER** was to win, in order to create interest in future matches, and that **VIGNAUX** purposely missed several easy shots when **SCHAEFER** was playing with luck against him. This is hardly credible, and **VIGNAUX**'s evident chagrin at losing the first prize and the world championship indicates that the match was fairly played.

VIGNAUX complains somewhat bitterly of the conduct of the audience, and of their boisterous applause when **SCHAEFER** was making good runs. He says that the noisy demonstrations, clapping of hands and stamping on the floor, completely unnerved him, and made it almost impossible for him to maintain the coolness requisite for good play. He seems to have good ground for complaint in this respect; and although it is very difficult to control the sympathies of an interested audience, every effort should be made to insure fair play in this as in every other manner to the foreigner.

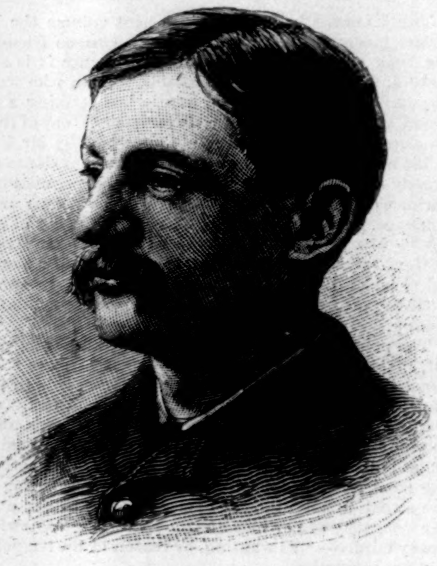
THREE MAYORS.

CHICAGO, Cincinnati, and Cleveland have each elected a Democratic Mayor. The success of Mr. **STEPHENS** in Cincinnati is considered a victory for Mr. **PENDLETON**, and as giving that gentleman the leadership of the Democratic party in Ohio. The Chicago election was also considered an important turning-point for the Democrats, who wished by carrying the local election now to secure the Lake City, and with her the State, in 1884. Next to that a victory now was deemed an important step toward the Gubernatorial boom for the Mayor-elect. Already the strongest Democratic papers in the State are hoisting the name of **HARRISON** for Governor, and should the Democratic National Convention meet in Chicago the boom will be intensified.

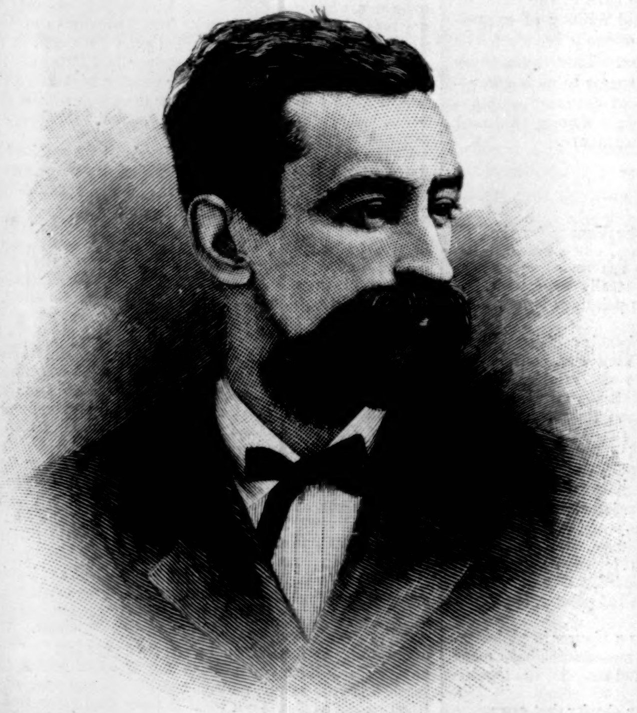
Besides Mr. **HARRISON**, who now enters upon a third term as Mayor, ten Republican and eight Democratic Aldermen were elected in Chicago, leaving the complexion of the Council twenty-one Democrats to fifteen Republicans. The rest of the general ticket is Democratic.

In Cincinnati the Democrats elected not only the Mayor, but twelve candidates on the general ticket. The Republicans elected three. The Mayor, Police Judge, and Prosecuting Attorney elect were indorsed by the saloon-keepers and brewers, and eight of those elected were indorsed by the Municipal Reform Association. The Council will stand twenty-six Republicans and twenty-four Democrats. The School Board remains Democratic.

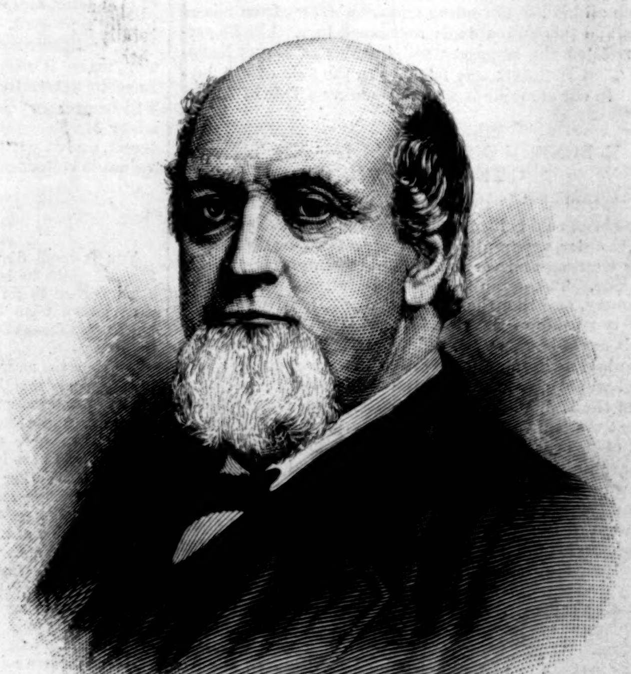
The Democratic clean sweep in Cleveland was not a surprise. The Republicans had conceded the election to their opponents before a vote was cast. Last spring the Democrats carried their ticket by over 2200 majority in the first flush of anger on the part of the Germans and saloon men over the passage of the **POND** law. This same cause, added to others, gave them the Congressional ticket in the fall by 5000 majority. This spring it was thought that the old trouble might have been allayed somewhat, and that a considerable part of the Germans would quietly vote the Republican ticket. The result has shown this to be a fallacy, as the Democrats have carried the day by a large majority. The weather was fine, and a great deal of work was done. There was less excitement than usual, as the people at large did not seem to be very enthusiastic. In the ward tickets considerable scratching was done from local causes. The Republicans so clearly conceded the election of the entire Democratic ticket that they did not gather to hear the returns read, while the Democrats filled the City Armory to overflowing. The victors are very loud in their boasts that they have come to stay, that they will elect a Governor in the fall, and elect a President in 1884.



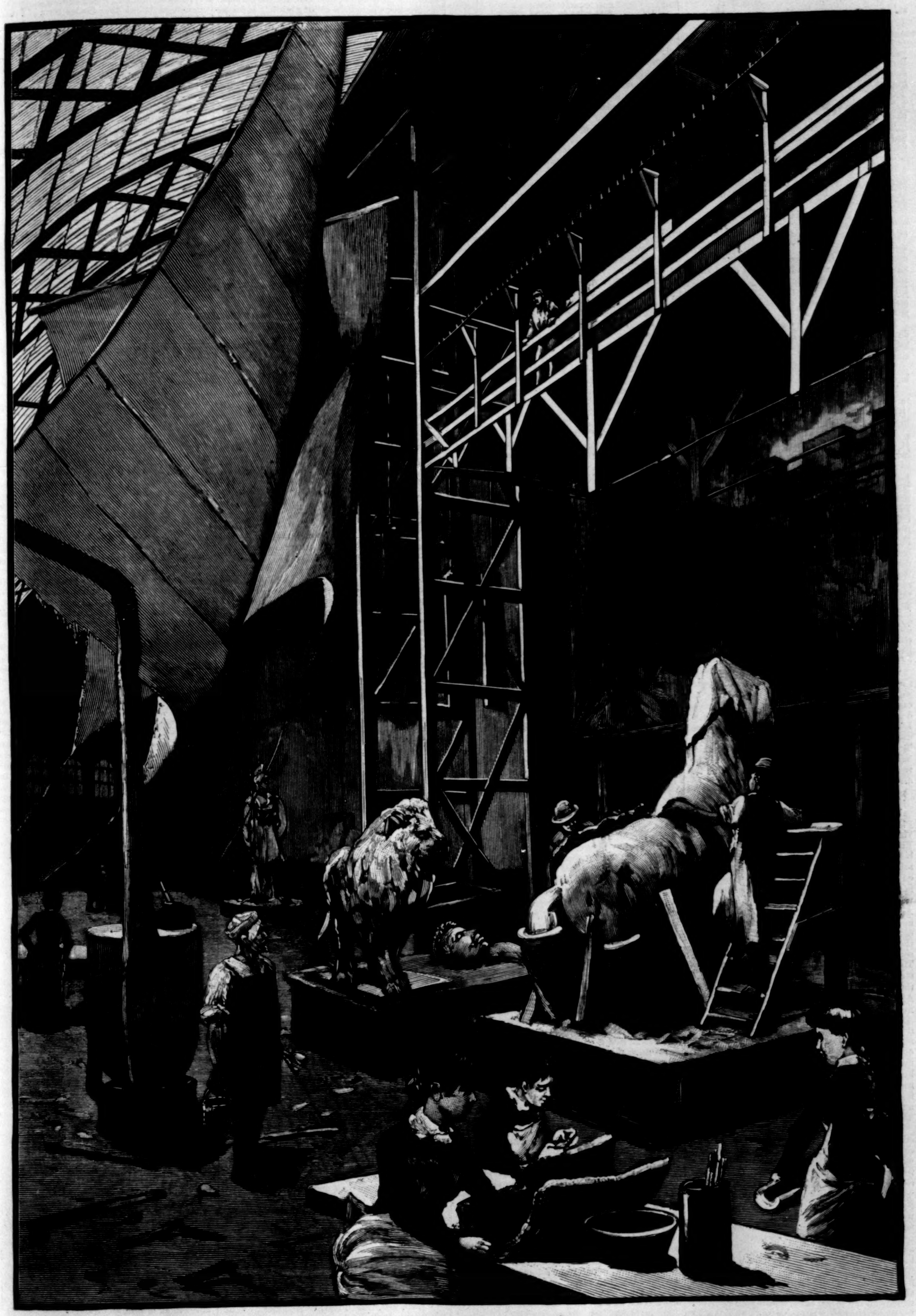
JACOB SCHAEFER, VICTOR IN THE CHICAGO BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.



J. H. FARLEY, MAYOR-ELECT OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FOLJAMBE.



THOMAS J. STEPHENS, MAYOR-ELECT OF CINCINNATI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.



THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL—PREPARING SCENERY.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

(Continued from front page.)

VINEY'S CONVERSION AND COURTSHIP.

an' ov co'se it means 'oman too—

> 'Blest is de man who ne'er consents
> By ill advice ter walk,
> Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
> Whar *men ungodly* talk.'

Dat's de p'int, Viney—men *ungodly*. Dat's what Jack Chaney is—ungodly. An' I couldn't have him at my party; he would jes' be de fly in de 'intment."

"Jack don't do nothin' wrong," muttered his champion.

"Oh no! He didn't fight chickens las' Sunday wid Tom Kinkle in *actile* sight o' de moniments in de cimetery, did he?" said Ally, crushingly.

"What tattle-tale brought dat ter yo' years?"

"'Twarn't no tattle-tale; it were de godliest man in de church—Elder Buford."

"I mought 'a knowed it. I allays did hate dat ole 'coon."

"Dem as hates is in danger o' hell fire."

"Take keer, den, dat you don't hate Jack Chaney," cried Viney, quick as a cat.

"I 'clar ter goodness I don't, Viney. I owns Jack is a nice, outspoken chap ez ever I seen, an' ef he war on'y a child o' grace, I could shout fur joy. An' ter show you I don't b'ar no malice, I'll let you fix up a nice plate o' goodies when I has my quiltin', an' sen' 'em ter him in a frien'ly sperrit."

Viney laughed. "All right, Sis Ally; an' I'll do all I kin ter he'p you git ready fur your quiltin', fur I knows you means ter make a gre't occasion ov it."

"De gre'test," said Ally, "dat hez been seen in dese parts sence slavery times."

When Ally said this it meant something. She was in the habit of having "companies," all extremely comfortable in plan and execution, and the rumor that she was bent on outdoing herself at the coming "quiltin'" made the mouths water of those who were bidden to the feast. Ally was, indeed, a hospitable soul; and she had good right to be, for the "Phil Hancocks" were the most important people in the colored community. Jolly tastes went hand in hand with their pious convictions, and somehow, in spite of Elder Buford, they had always managed to keep on the sunny side of religion; and besides being jolly and young, our friends were rich—oh! crowning touch! Uncle Phil "druv a team" for a gentleman who paid him thirty dollars a month, and Ally when in need had only to announce to the ladies of Happy Hollow that she was ready to do up their laces, or accept orders for embroidery, to find her hands full of work. It can not be said that our friends laid up any money; but they did better—they enjoyed it. Uncle Phil, indeed, sometimes shook his head over "de way money burnt in his pockets," but, after all, he was not far behind Ally in hospitable feelings, and the flatteries of his friends upheld him.

"Phil says ter me ter-day," remarked Ally, as she and Viney sat beating cake for the party, each with a sinewy hand in a great wooden tray of creamy golden batter—"Phil says dat de money dis 'll cos', fust an' last, would ermos' put a new L to de house; an' we *is* cramped fur room, no doubt on't. But I says, 'Never min', Phil; de L 'll take keer o' itself. I ain't been er-talkin' 'bout dis quiltin' party ten year for nothin'. De time has come, an' Happy Hollow is er-gwine ter see style.'"

II.

Up rose the sun, and up rose Sis Ally, Uncle Phil, Viney, and a graceless grandchild called Tobe, who promised to give as much trouble as Viney in the years to come. He was on his best behavior now, for the day of the party had at last rolled round, and only a few final touches remained to be given. Viney drew up a great bucket of flowers, picked the day before, and hung down the well to keep fresh, and decorated the front room; Ally iced her last cake; Uncle Phil went off on an errand; while Tobe occupied his morning chiefly in grinning and washing himself behind the well. Early in the afternoon the guests assembled, brethren and sisters coming together. This was an innovation, as the brethren usually strolled in about supper-time, doing little more than show their prowess as trencher-men. But Ally insisted on the change. "It'll make things livelier," she said, astutely.

Her cabin had been swept and garnished until it shone with cleanliness. There were only two rooms; but one was adorned with a grand piece of furniture, the very pride of Ally's heart—a mahogany chest of drawers, glittering with brass handles, and surmounted by an old-fashioned mirror. In both there were bits of carpet on the floors, pictures cut from the newspapers hanging against the whitewashed walls, and white curtains fluttering at the windows.

Uncle Phil stood in the doorway, hands extended, a twinkle in his eye, the same words of welcome for all. Ally, regardless of the weather, was arrayed in a gorgeous crimson alpaca, buttoned tightly across her plump bust. On her head she wore a wreath of roses, one enormous red "Giant of Battle" being planted just above her forehead with startling effect. This costume she wore and loved, not only loved, but rejoiced in, and was by no means unpleasing to look on with her beaming smiles, gleaming white teeth, and happy air of consciousness. The "company," you may be sure, was gotten up in its best. All the finery in Happy Hollow was brought out to do honor to the occasion. It was soon evident that "Sister Elsie" in a "black granadeer," with a large white turkey-tail fan in her hand, was to take the palm for tip-top elegance; but there was a pink muslin of a most satisfactory cut, and a white dimity that made Viney's eyes dance; and none was so poor as to fail of setting off her costume with a fluttering ribbon, a bit of lace, a string of beads, or a dangling ear-ring. And though the whole effect was slightly suggestive of

> "Some in rags,
> And some in tags,
> And some in velvet gowns,"

it was festal in the extreme; so much so that Elder Buford—restless, uneasy soul!—feared a spirit of worldliness was creeping into the Happy Hollow "professors," and suggested to Preacher Simpkins that he preach a sermon on "dress an' damnation widout furder delay."

Brother Simpkins, a guileless-looking, white-haired old man, whose expression seemed to struggle between one of cheerful kindliness and anxious care, smiled, but would make no promise. In fact, he had himself to-day sacrificed to the vanities, and was disposed to look with charity on fellow-sinners, though he hoped (good man!) that few suffered as he did. He wore a pair of wide flapping kersey trousers, home-made and of easy fit. So far so good; but his upper half was clad in a tight—very tight—coat of the kind known as swallow-tail, the gift of some former master. Time was when it hung agreeably on the preacher's spare figure, but with years had come pounds. The poor man grew corpulent, and his fine coat had no more "give" to it than Elder Buford's theology. His soul was now distracted with wondering whether the buttons would hold during the long evening, whether it was his duty to forbear eating that the strain on the broadcloth should not be too great, or whether it would not be best to shamelessly unbutton himself at the beginning of the feast, and enjoy it like a man. I fear he leaned to the latter course, for the guests all knew that the hour of the supper was likely to be a season of joy. One "brother" was overheard to whisper to a "sister" that he had "starved himself sence yistiddy so's ter do full jestice to Sis Ally's cookin'." And though the sister put her kinky head on one side, and intimated that Brother 'Arrison "ought ter be ashamed o' hisself," it was noticed that she cast longing glances through the open door into the next room, where the supper was laid. The long table was covered with a white cloth. "None o' yo' po' white trash linen," Ally would say, "but ginuine damask, not ter be beat in dis town nor de nex' one."

The supply of crockery was made abundant by contributions from friends, who felt themselves honored in "assisting" in ever so small a way at such an entertainment. All the treasured pieces of "chaney" from the different cabins were brought forward—"chaney" which had been obtained either by gift or—well—otherwise from masters and mistresses of the past. Some of them were very beautiful, but their beauty shone unrecognized among the glittering new pewter spoons and picayune tumblers in which Uncle Phil had invested for the occasion. The table was already ornamented with cakes of goodly size, fruit, and sweetmeats. That part of the supper which was to be served hot was still undergoing the process of cooking. In this room Viney, in her best dress—an outgrown pink calico—presided cheerfully. She was as good as gold at such times, unless good for nothing by reason of a freak of temper or sweet native indolence. To-day, however, all was going right. She hovered undismayed round the open fire-place with its crackling logs, from whence savory odors came. And small wonder! From the cranes in the wide chimney swung a chicken stew *à la* Hancock, and a pot of gumbo fit for the heroes of Homer; in an enormous tin coffee-pot coffee was being dripped; and on a spit in front of the glowing coals, with a "creeper" or small oven under him to catch the rich drippings, was a lordly turkey, a wild gobbler which Phil had killed the Sunday before, in the teeth, so to speak, of the law and the gospel. He not only profaned the Sabbath, but scouted the enactment of the Legislature which had forbidden the shooting of game during August. One of the doubting sisters had gone to Preacher Simpkins to know what he thought as to "de Lord's people he'pin' ter eat dat ar turkey." Preacher Simpkins was found to hold advanced views. "Well, sister," he said, "I ain't no ways a predjist man. I likes ter see jestice done—jestice to Brother Phil, an' jestice ter de turkey gobbler, an' jestice ter de brethering an' de sisters what anticerpates ter purtake ov him. An' while I wouldn't hev *sed* to Brother Phil, 'Kill dat fowl,' still he is at de present as dead as a do' nail, and dar's no puttin' de life back in him, so I jes' says dis, Let de Lord's people enjoy him, an' say nothin', 'cep'n' ter thank de Lord fur makin' sich critters."

So there the turkey swung before Ally's fire, seeming to preserve his dignity even under the process of being "done brown." Tobe, who gloried in his office, kept him constantly turning, and as he displayed first his broad front, and then his shapely back, he seemed mildly to inquire if ever before had been seen such a glorious development. From time to time Viney basted him with her plump hands, and as often as she did so Tobe observed, with a blissful grin, "Him gwine ter taste good, *sho'*."

Poor Viney! Very hot, very busy, she gleaned what amusement she could from the scraps of conversation that floated through the open door. She was conscious that she did not stand high in the mind of the assembly, and the girl felt her isolation, though she tossed her head over it.

"I s'pose dey is all elected fur salvation," she mused, "an' ole Satan hisself wouldn't dar ter meddle wid dat crowd." And Viney might have felt herself shut out from companionship with her kind but for a saving remembrance of Tobe. "He's a limb, dat boy is," she reflected, gazing sternly on him as he "locomoted" the turkey, "an' ef I didn't hab an eye on him he'd git de liver an' gizzard in spite o' me, even if dey was half done, an' hot as de Bad Man's fires."

Here Viney did Tobe injustice. The noble youth preferred coming in for the "pickings" rather than trusting to the uncertainties of the "stealings."

"Sis Ally" was in high feather. Her quilt was spread in the centre of the room, and the quilters' needles flew through the shining fabric. It promised to be finished by "sundown," which also meant supper-time. The "brothers" assisted in the quilting by threading the needles for the "sisters," both parties attitudinizing in their best company manners. Whenever a sister received a needle she made a point of doing so between her thumb and forefinger, while the others were held straight out, as a public evidence that the owner "knowed how ter behave herse'f in serciety."

"S'pose we take a little breathin' spell," said Sister Elsie, as the work grew warm, "an' let's onroll de quilt, ef Sister Ally is accommodatin', an' take a look at it."

"Ter be sho'," cried Sis Ally; and in a moment the nimble brothers had unrolled the light frame, and the quilt in all its beauty was unfolded before the admiring eyes of Sis Ally's company. It was a magnificent affair. Every shade of shimmering silk, every pattern of glorious brocade, every color of heaven-caught dye, seemed to blend in the shining whole—"a harmony in rainbow," it might have been called; and the only wonder was how so many fine bits of color had ever fluttered into Ally's homely nest. In truth, the silk quilt had its beginning long ago in a fine old Southern mansion when Ally was a "teeny gal." Her mistress, wishing to train her as a maid for her little daughter, taught her to read and to sew. Ally was fond of recalling those days, and of telling how the quilt came to be in her possession.

"I hated my spellin'-book, an' I hated my patchwork," she said; "but ole mis' she kep' me at work, a-rappin' my head wid her gold thimble ef I so much ez yawned. But when I saw how hansum dat silk quilt was gwine ter be, I got ter wishin' it wuz mine. Fust I thought I'd finish it up for to spread over my big doll dat little missy give me de Christmas befo'; den it seemed as ef I'd like ter sleep under it myse'f, jes' for de grandeur ov it. An' it grew bigger an' bigger in my mind till I decides dat ef it *wuz* mine, I'd save it fur my weddin' quilt; fur I wuz a mighty onregenerate young 'un," said Sis Ally, incautiously, "an' my head was always a-runnin' on things it didn't have no call to meddle wid."

Brother Buford groaned slightly; and a subdued chuckle from Viney in the next room showed that she had overheard the rash admission, and scored one against Sis Ally.

"At las'," continued that worthy matron, impressively, "at las' *dar come a day*. Lor'! Lor'! I remembers it ez ef it wuz yisterday. Dar wuz ole mis' in her big cheer by de winder sorter dozin' like; an' dar wuz me a-settin' on a three-legged stool t'other side o' de room, a-puttin' de yaller an' de red an' de lielack pieces o' silk tergedder, an' a-wonderin' whedder her or me wuz de mos' likely ter sleep under hit; an' dar wuz Uncle Tobe—Tobe yonder is his gran'chile; Uncle Tobe he looked in at de do', sneakin' like, an' sez he, 'Ally,' sez he, jes' as dough he war skeerd—er-whisperin' he wuz—'Ally,' sez he. 'Sar,' sez I, never sturrin' er inch, but er-prickin' up my years fass enuff, I kin tell yer—'sar,' sez I. Sez he, 'Ally, cibi*liez*ashun hab tooken place; de Yankees dun kum, chile,' sez he; an' I desser grabbed up de quilt, scraps an' all, an' I went like er streak er lightnin' fur daddy's cabin, an' I snatch up my bes' clothes, an' him his'n, an' de way we went fur de sojers you never seed, an' I hain't seed ole mis' and she hain't seed her quilt sence. I didn't hab it fur my weddin' quilt," concluded Ally, with a jolly laugh, "bekase I never got pieces enuff to finish it; but I's been beggin' 'em right an' lef' fur a good many years; an' here's de quilt."

"The Egyptians *shell* be spoiled," pronounced Brother Buford, in a strong voice. "Thus spoke the prophet—thus it wuz done."

"Well, I will say, Sister Ally," cried Sister Elsie, "dat dar ain't a queen under de skies could hab a prettier spread to sleep under."

"Maybe you'll give it to Viney fur *her* weddin' quilt," spoke up Sister Car'line Elizabeth, who was a new-comer in Happy Hollow, and rather given to making unseasonable remarks.

"May de day be fur away!" ejaculated Ally. "Dough to be sho'," she added, pensively, "our Viney's got to be had an eye on, now she's gittin' to be growed up. Look at her to-day in dat pink calico ov hern. It needs a-lettin' out, and a-puttin' in, and a-makin' over gin'ally, an' I 'ain't got a piece ov cloth like it no bigger dan my thumb."

"I've got a piece o' pink caliker to whichen you's welcome," said Sister Elsie. "It ain't no way diff'rent from hern 'ceptin' in figger."

"Thank you kindly, sister; I'll do as much for you some day. De trouble is dat Viney has shot up so sudden ter be a woman dat she foun' me onperpared. It makes me feel ole an' compressed jes' ter look at de chile."

"I onderstan' she's got a beau, too," says Sister Car'line Elizabeth, with a giggle—"Mr. Jack Chaney by name."

"Well, he do hang roun' Viney considerable," acknowledged Ally, with a sigh. "He's always fetchin' her sugar-cane and goober pease, and wantin' ter take her to parties; and it goes agin me hard ter see her busted out o' dat ar caliker right before his eyes."

"Jack Chaney," said Elder Buford, severely, "is a wild fellow—a wild fellow. He is one of the sinner folks wot plays kyards and dances—fights cocks. He comes to meetin' Sunday arter Sunday, an' de preachin' ov de Word don't have no more effect on him dan so much cold water poured on our yaller dog to cure him ob de mange."

"Well, well," said Preacher Simpkins, "let us not forget charity to de weaker bredren."

"Brother Simpkins," said Brother Buford, "I've done been a-liftin' my voice in testimony a-gwine on twenty years next Christmas, and I 'ain't neber seen no good kum ob flyin' in de Lord's face, an' a-dancin' an' a-playin' kyards, just as dough He had not kum down in fire and brimstone 'mongst de pine-trees ob Lib'nus—"

There is no telling where Brother Buford's eloquence might not have landed them if Preacher Simpkins had not raised his hand.

"Stop right dar, brudder. De Lord ain't no way connected wid brimstone, seein' dat dat article belongs to de debil—and it's false doctrine to say dat it belongs to de Lord; an' false doctrine, bredren, will slay a sinner's soul quick as chain-lightnin'."

"Dat's de troof," said Sis Ally, heartily, "an' it's on account ob dat dat I first sot my mind to be 'mongst de elec'. I warn't gwine to be layin' roun' loose on Judgment Day, an' run de risk ob havin' my soul turned into a goat, and sent gallopin' down de slopes ob hell!"

Here the company looked dismal, and a few groans were heard; but cheerfulness was restored as Viney's voice from the inner room exclaimed, "Dis turkey's about ready ter take off, Tobe; an' my! don't he smell heabenly!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

IX.

ON THE CASE OF A CERTAIN MAN WHO IS NEVER THOUGHT OF.

THE type and formula of most schemes of philanthropy or humanitarianism is this: A and B put their heads together to decide what C shall be made to do for D. The radical vice of all these schemes, from a sociological point of view, is that C is not allowed a voice in the matter, and his position, character, and interests, as well as the ultimate effects on society through C's interests, are entirely overlooked. I call C the Forgotten Man. For once let us look him up and consider his case, for the characteristic of all social doctors is that they fix their minds on some man or group of men whose case appeals to the sympathies and the imagination, and they plan remedies addressed to the particular trouble; they do not understand that all the parts of society hold together, and that forces which are set in action act and react throughout the whole organism, until an equilibrium is produced by a re-adjustment of all interests and rights. They therefore ignore entirely the source from which they must draw all the energy which they employ in their remedies, and they ignore all the effects on other members of society than the ones they have in view. They are always under the dominion of the superstition of government, and, forgetting that a government produces nothing at all, they leave out of sight the first fact to be remembered in all social discussion, that the state can not get a cent from any man without taking it from some other man, and this latter must be a man who has produced and saved it. This latter is the Forgotten Man.

The friends of humanity start out with certain benevolent feelings toward "the poor," "the weak," "the laborers," and others of whom they make pets. They generalize these classes, and render them impersonal, and so constitute the classes into social pets. They turn to other classes and appeal to sympathy and generosity and to all the other noble sentiments of the human heart. Action in the line proposed consists in a transfer of capital from the better off to the worse off. Capital, however, as we have seen, is the force by which civilization is maintained and carried on. The same piece of capital can not be used in two ways. Every bit of capital, therefore, which is given to a shiftless and inefficient member of society, who makes no return for it, is diverted from a reproductive use. But if it was put to reproductive use, it would have to be granted in wages to an efficient and productive laborer. Hence the real sufferer by that kind of benevolence which consists in an expenditure of capital to protect the good-for-nothing is the industrious laborer. The latter, however, is never thought of in this connection. It is assumed that he is provided for and out of the account. Such a notion only shows how little true notions of political economy have as yet become popularized. There is an almost invincible prejudice that a man who gives a dollar to a beggar is generous and kind-hearted, but that a man who refuses the beggar and puts the dollar in a savings-bank is stingy and mean. The former is putting capital where it is very sure to be wasted, and where it will be a kind of seed for a long succession of future dollars, which must be wasted to ward off a greater strain on the sympathies than would have been occasioned by a refusal in the first place. Inasmuch as the dollar might have been turned into capital and given to a laborer who, while earning it, would have reproduced it, it must be regarded as taken from the latter. When a millionaire gives a dollar to a beggar the gain of utility to the beggar is enormous, and the loss of utility to the millionaire is insignificant. Generally the discussion is allowed to rest there. But if the millionaire makes capital of the dollar, it must go upon the labor market as a demand for productive services. Hence there is another party in interest—the person who supplies productive services. There always are two parties. The second one is always the Forgotten Man, and any one who wants to truly understand the matter in question must go and search for the Forgotten Man. He will be found to be worthy, industrious, independent, and self-supporting. He is not technically "poor" or "weak"; he minds his own business, and makes no complaint. Consequently the philanthropists never think of him, and trample on him.

We hear a great deal of schemes for "improving the condition of the working-man." In the United States the further down we go in the grade of labor the greater is the advantage which the laborer has over the higher classes. A hod-carrier or digger here can by one day's labor command many times more days' labor of a carpenter, surveyor, book-keeper, or doctor than an unskilled laborer in Europe could command by one day's labor. The same is true in a less degree of the carpenter, as compared with the book-keeper, surveyor, and doctor. This is why the United States is the great country for the unskilled laborer. The economic conditions all favor that class. There is a great continent to be subdued, and there is a fertile soil available to labor, with scarcely any need of capital. Hence the people who have the strong arms have what is most needed, and if it were not for social consideration, higher education would not pay. Such being the case, the working-man needs no improvement in his condition except to be freed from the parasites who are living on him. All schemes for patronizing "the working classes" savor of condescension. They are impertinent and out of place in this free democracy. There is not, in fact, any such state of things or any such relation as would make projects of this kind appropriate. Such projects demoralize both parties, flattering the vanity of one and undermining the self-respect of the other.

For our present purpose it is most important to notice that if we lift any man up we must have a fulcrum, or point of reaction. In society that means that to lift one man up we push another down. The schemes for improving the condition of the working classes interfere in the competition of workmen with each other. The beneficiaries are selected by favoritism, and are apt to be those who have recommended themselves to the friends of humanity by language or conduct which does not betoken independence and energy; those who suffer a corresponding depression by the interference are the independent and self-reliant, who once more are forgotten or passed over, and the friends of humanity once more appear, in their zeal to help somebody, to be trampling on those who are trying to help themselves.

Trades-unions adopt various devices for raising wages, and those who give their time to philanthropy are interested in these devices, and wish them success. They fix their minds entirely on the workmen for the time being *in* the trade, and do not take note of any other *workmen* as interested in the matter. It is supposed that the fight is between the workmen and their employers, and it is believed that one can give sympathy in that contest to the workmen without feeling responsibility for anything further. It is soon seen, however, that the employer adds the trades-union and strike risk to the other risks of his business, and settles down to it philosophically. If, now, we go further, we see that he takes it philosophically because he has passed the loss along on the public. It then appears that the public wealth has been diminished, and that the danger of a trade war, like the danger of a revolution, is a constant reduction of the well-being of all. So far, however, we have seen only things which could *lower* wages; nothing which could raise them. The employer is worried, but that does not raise wages. The public loses, but the loss goes to cover extra risk, and that does not raise wages.

A trades-union raises wages (aside from the legitimate and economic means noticed in Paper No. 5) by restricting the number of apprentices who may be taken into the trade. This device acts directly on the supply of labor, and that produces effects on wages. If, however, the number of apprentices is limited, some are kept out who want to get in. Those who are in have therefore made a monopoly, and constituted themselves a privileged class on a basis exactly analogous to that of the old privileged aristocracies. But whatever is gained by this arrangement for those who are in, is won at a greater loss to those who are kept out. Hence it is not upon the masters nor upon the public that trades-unions exert the pressure by which they raise wages. It is upon other persons of the labor class who want to get into the trades, but not being able to do so, are pushed down into the unskilled labor class. These persons, however, are passed by entirely without notice in all the discussions about trades-unions. They are the Forgotten Men. But since they want to get into the trade and win their living in it, it is fair to suppose that they are fit for it, would succeed at it, would do well for themselves and society in it—that is to say, that of all persons interested or concerned, they most deserve our sympathy and attention.

The cases already mentioned involve no legislation. Society, however, maintains police, sheriffs, and various institutions, the object of which is to protect people against themselves, that is, against their own vices. Almost all legislative effort to prevent vice is really protective of vice, because all such legislation saves the vicious man from the penalty of his vice. Nature's remedies against vice are terrible. She removes the victims without pity. A drunkard in the gutter is just where he ought to be, according to the fitness and tendency of things. Nature has set up on him the process of decline and dissolution by which she removes things which have survived their usefulness. Gambling and other less mentionable vices carry their own penalties with them.

Now we never can annihilate a penalty. We can only divert it from the head of the man who has incurred it to the heads of others who have not incurred it. A vast amount of "social reform" consists in just this operation. The consequence is that those who have gone astray, being relieved from nature's fierce discipline, go on to worse, and that there is a constantly heavier burden for the others to bear. Who are the others? When we see a drunkard in the gutter we pity him. If a policeman picks him up, we say that society has interfered to save him from perishing. Society is a fine word, and it saves us the trouble of thinking. The industrious and sober workman who is mulcted of a percentage of his day's wages to pay the policeman is the one who bears the penalty. But he is the Forgotten Man. He passes by and is never noticed, because he has behaved himself, fulfilled his contracts, and asked for nothing.

The fallacy of all prohibitory, sumptuary, and moral legislation is the same. A and B determine to be teetotalers, which is often a wise determination, and sometimes a necessary one. If A and B are moved by considerations which seem to them good, that is enough. But A and B put their heads together to get a law passed which shall force C to be a teetotaler for the sake of D, who is in danger of drinking too much. There is no pressure on A and B. They are having their own way, and they like it. There is rarely any pressure on D. He does not like it, and evades it. The pressure all comes on C. The question then arises, Who is C? He is the man who wants alcoholic liquors for any honest purpose whatsoever, who would use his liberty without abusing it, who would occasion no public question, and trouble nobody at all. He is the Forgotten Man again, and as soon as he is drawn from his obscurity, we see that he is just what each one of us ought to be.

ON THE BAYOU TECHE.

THE subject of our artist's sketch on page 249 is that part of the Bayou Teche which lies between St. Martinsville and Breaux Bridge, where the expanse of water narrows considerably, and the live-oaks on either bank are more dense than at any other point. The correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, who accompanies our artist, writes of this part of the bayou:

"The scenery is wilder, as the cultivated places at most points are some hundred yards back from the water. The oaks, with here and there a monarch cypress, assume the most varied shapes and seemingly impossible attitudes—sometimes receding from the bank at an angle of fifty degrees, and a little further on stretching their rugged branches far out over the water.

"There is little or no underbrush, and this affords delicious vistas through the heavy trunks back to the fields beyond. The oaks in their new garniture of fresh foliage, and patriarchal in their Mohammedan beards of gray, seem to laugh at the evanescent changes going on around them. Solid, strong, apparently eternal, they have stood their watch over the Teche, have sheltered the man-eating Attakapas Indian and squaw, have waved their arms at the approach of the Acadian boats as with measured stroke their sturdy navigators came slowly along to give new life to these prairies, and awaken these forests to a day of plenty. The story of Evangeline is familiar to the people of the bayou. They point to the church at St. Martinsville as being situated on the site of the old edifice where she worshipped, and LONGFELLOW's story has touched tender chords among those the history of whose ancestors he has so tenderly written."

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

To New-Yorkers, at least, the enthusiasm with which the Cincinnatians conceive a grand artistic project, and the success with which they execute it, are matters of some surprise. We do not know what *esprit de corps* is in the sense in which they understand it. We are for ever and ever getting ready to set up a WASHINGTON statue in Wall Street, and then, after all, we back out of the business; while as for a pedestal for the BARTHOLDI Liberty light-house, our grandchildren, when hoary, may see that desired object, but it does not look much as if we ourselves should. During the week beginning the 30th of April, a Dramatic Festival will be celebrated in Cincinnati on a scale greater even than that of the late music festivals. A constellation of celebrated stars, among whom CLARA MORRIS, LAWRENCE BARRETT, JOHN McCULLOUGH, MARY ANDERSON, Mlle. RHÉA, MARIE WAINWRIGHT, J. E. MURDOCK, and NAT GOODWIN shine the brightest, will, in an immense hall capable of seating about four thousand persons, illuminate five of SHAKSPEARE's plays on five successive evenings, the sixth evening being devoted to SHERIDAN KNOWLES's *Hunchback*, and two matinées to repetitions of *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*. Ever since the 25th of February, when the list of plays, which includes also *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *Hamlet*, was first publicly announced, together with the complete casts, the managers of the enterprise have been busy in pushing it, and scarcely a day has passed when the Cincinnati newspapers have not given their readers some new details or some editorial cheer. The illustration in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY represents a room in Floral Hall, one of the wings of Music Hall, where painters and sculptors, under the supervision of Mr. DEWITT C. WAUGH, are preparing for a *mise en scène* in *Julius Cæsar*. Week before last, at public auction, 2453 seats were sold for $64,625 20—an average of twenty-seven dollars apiece—thus assuring the financial success of the undertaking long before a single actor or actress had opened his or her mouth. The drop-curtain is sixty-six feet wide, or three times the width of an ordinary one, and presents a reproduction of BENJAMIN WEST's picture, "Regulus leaving Rome for Carthage." Several of the paint-frames on which are stretched the canvases to be used in the scenes are so large that, if we may trust a Cincinnati reporter, the painter, when at one end of the bridge, has to take a field-glass to see what his assistant is doing at the other. It is further announced that all the stars except McCULLOUGH, who was born in Ireland, and Mlle. RHÉA, who was born in Belgium, are natives of the United States of America; and that the sequel of this grand festival will be the establishment of a magnificent Dramatic Temple, which shall be the head-quarters of a dramatic school, and in which each year dramatic festivals shall be held, "more splendid than any city has yet attempted."

The artistic value of this first Dramatic Festival can not, of course, be determined in advance, but it should be a source of pleasure to every intelligent friend of the drama that the managers of the enterprise have billed SHAKSPEARE for seven-eighths of the performances; and all the more so because, notwithstanding the recent brilliant spurts of SALVINI and ROSSI, it can not be said that the general tendency of dramatic art in this country is at present in a Shakspearean direction. In New York city during the season just closing the stage has exerted itself scarcely at all in the true interest of the drama—Wallack's Theatre, especially, never before rated the capacity of its patrons so low—and the metropolis, in this respect, represents the nation. When, therefore, the projectors of this Dramatic Festival announce five of the greatest plays of the greatest playwright for successive performances in a single week, they command attention and deserve gratitude. So many dramas get out of date; but the classic are beyond the caprices of fashion. So many dramas are not worth a rehearsal; but SHAKSPEARE's give laws to criticism itself, and, moreover, were written for the express purpose of being acted on the public stage. Acted inadequately they usually are, and perhaps it is too much to hope for many actors who can interpret SHAKSPEARE, as it is too much to hope for many painters who can interpret nature; but the attempt to interpret him by this living presentation is the only way in which his almost superhuman wisdom will ever be made known to the masses of mankind.

G. W. SHELDON.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN Canada a young man of twenty years was not permitted to prosecute a suit because he was an infant in the eyes of the law. He has recently attained his majority, and when he sought to renew the suit the court held that the case had been already decided.

A writer advises Americans who visit Europe this year to provide themselves with passports, to keep away from political gatherings, and to be careful about denouncing the established institutions of the countries through which they pass. Many young Americans who visit Europe have no desire to denounce the established institutions of any country except their own.

The records of the United States Patent-office convey some idea of the importance attained by electrical appliances in the economy of the present age. Only a few years ago the number of patents issued in a year for inventions of that nature averaged but a few hundred. In the past year the applications numbered about three thousand, and the patents granted were not far from fifteen hundred. The ratio of successful applications is smaller than in former years, indicating a closer competition among inventors. There has been of late a large increase also in the number of applications for patents for metal-working machinery and fire-escapes.

It has been decreed that the fashionable young man of the immediate future must be accompanied by a dog when he appears on the avenues. The possession of a dog suggests resources which are not at the command of those who occupy hall bedrooms in boarding-houses, and thus gives a sort of local status to the individual.

After eluding the swarms of office-seekers in Washington, it could hardly have given the President pleasure to read, while on his way to Florida, that if reports about the enormous numbers of beach flies and midgets on the Kissimmee River should prove to be true he would probably change his fishing grounds shortly after his arrival.

A new State law, which is avowed as being intended to imbitter the punishment of Chinese convicts, went into effect in California a few weeks ago. It provides that the hair of all criminals shall be cut to within three inches of the scalp. Some years ago a sheriff in that State attempted to enforce an ordinance of a similar nature, but the ordinance was declared unconstitutional so far as it concerned Mongolians, and suits for damages were begun by some of the incensed prisoners whose queues had been clipped. In view of this phase of the question the present sheriff at San Francisco has decided to respect the queues of his prisoners till his counsel reports as to the constitutionality of the law, and the liability of the sheriff in any actions for damages that may be brought. The keeper of the House of Correction was less cautious, and caused the queues of nineteen Chinamen to be cut off on the day the new law went into effect.

An incident of President Arthur's journey to the waters in which he was to angle for Florida fish was the appearance in the special car of a conductor who was no respecter of persons. This official was in the service of a North Carolina railroad company. He had received no notice that the party was to be "passed," and he insisted upon collecting from the half-dozen persons in the car fares for as many passengers as there were seats. He was prevailed upon to delay at least until the next station was reached, and there a dispatch informed him that the courtesies of the road had been extended to the distinguished party.

The ultra-fashionable young woman of Philadelphia is distinguished by "a gold-rimmed little contrivance which she wears on a slender chain around her neck," and which seems to be a sort of "quizzing-glass." It is called a "spy." A reporter who was in the Academy on a recent evening writes: "When she sailed gracefully down to the front, and sank languidly into a crimson velvet chair, hundreds of opera-glasses were levelled at her. Was she embarrassed? Not in the least. Her olive cheek never blushed; she simply lifted her 'spy,' and stared back at the multitude with all the stately grace of a dowager."

If all the men who have been made special policemen for the occasion are present at the coronation of the Czar, the multitude will be the largest that ever witnessed the crowning of a potentate.

In the absence of the President from Washington the improvements in the White House which were begun last summer will be finished. These will include extensive alterations in the vestibule and in the President's bed-chamber.

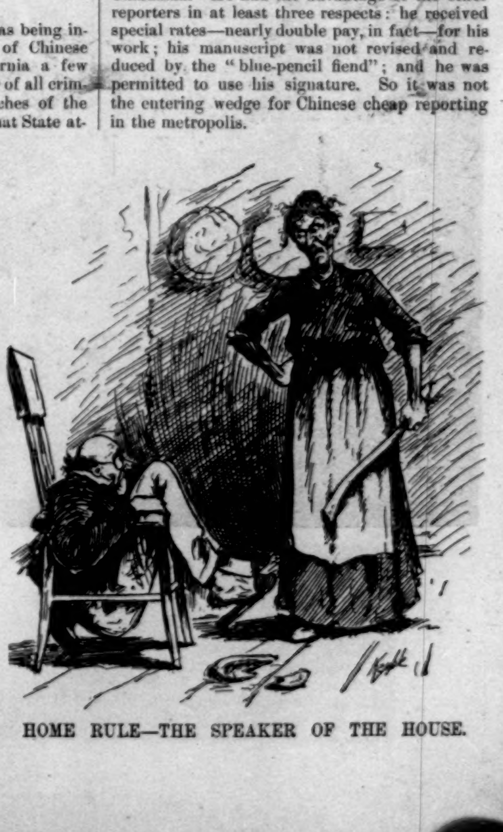
It is estimated that the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth will be finished in four years. It is to be four miles long, and of the same width and depth as the Suez Canal—seventy-two feet and twenty-six feet. Vessels going through the canal from Mediterranean ports will save ninety-five miles, and those from the Adriatic Sea one hundred and eighty-five miles, besides avoiding the dangers of Cape Matapan.

Small incandescent electric lamps have been used with much success by Mr. C. H. Stearns, in England, for illuminating both opaque and transparent objects under the microscope. In microscopes recently shown by him to a scientific society there were three lamps: one above the stage, revolving around its own axis; one below the stage, fitted to the sub-stage; and one below the sub-stage, for use with the polariscope. Diminutive electric lamps have been used also for lighting up the cavities of teeth under dentists' treatment, and for illuminating incisions made by surgeons in the human body.

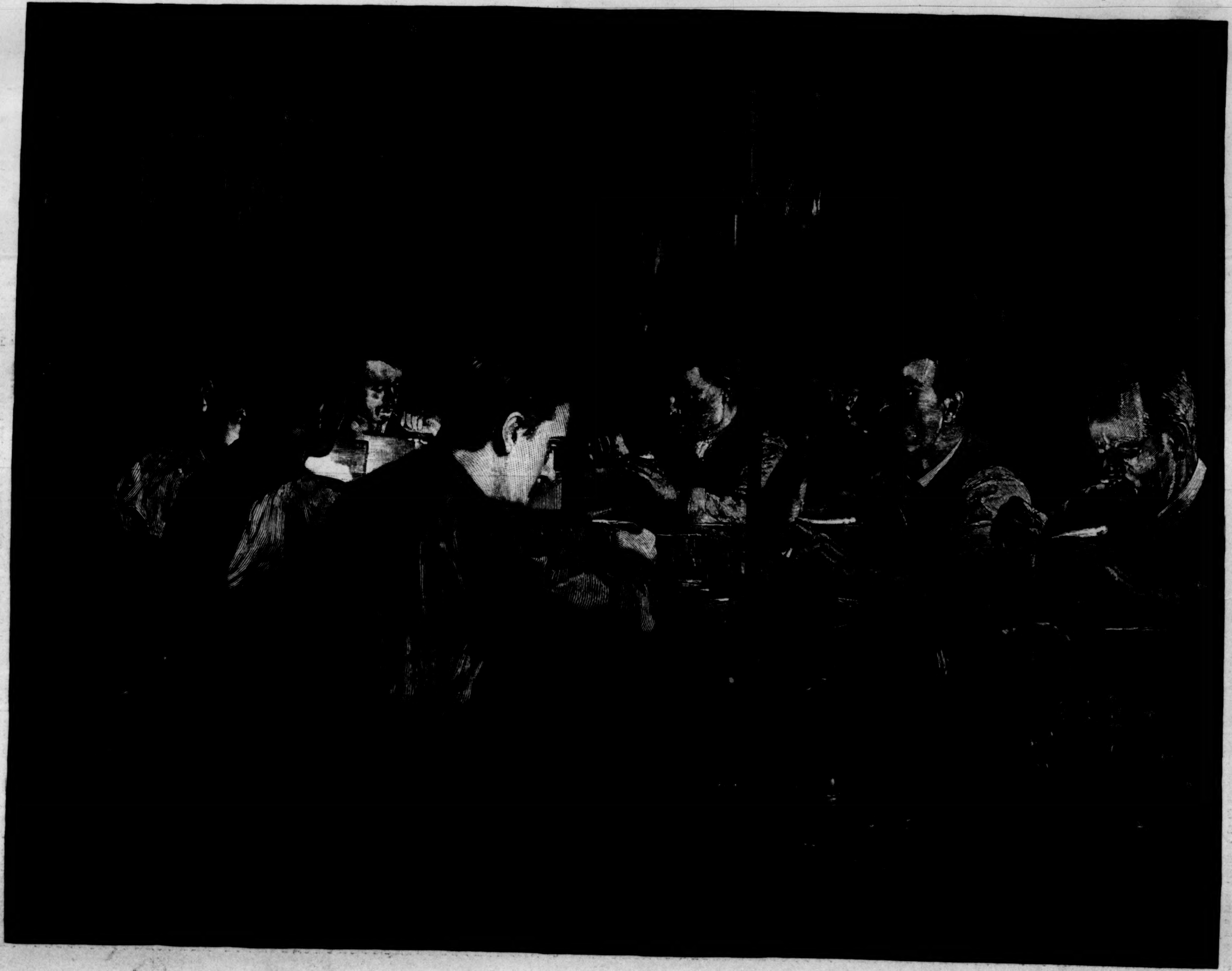
The steam-ship *Great Eastern* cost her owners $20,000 for maintenance last year, and earned $65—fees paid by sight-seers. The place for the *Great Eastern* would seem to be in the United States navy.

An Arizona newspaper says that the climate of that Territory is undergoing a marked change, the once arid lands now being blessed with considerable moisture. The change is attributed "to the deflecting of electric currents by the railroads." The greatest obstacle to the building of railroads in China is the belief that the lines of iron rail would cut off the streams of good luck from influential personages. It may be the office of Arizona to prove to the heathen that the reverse would be the case.

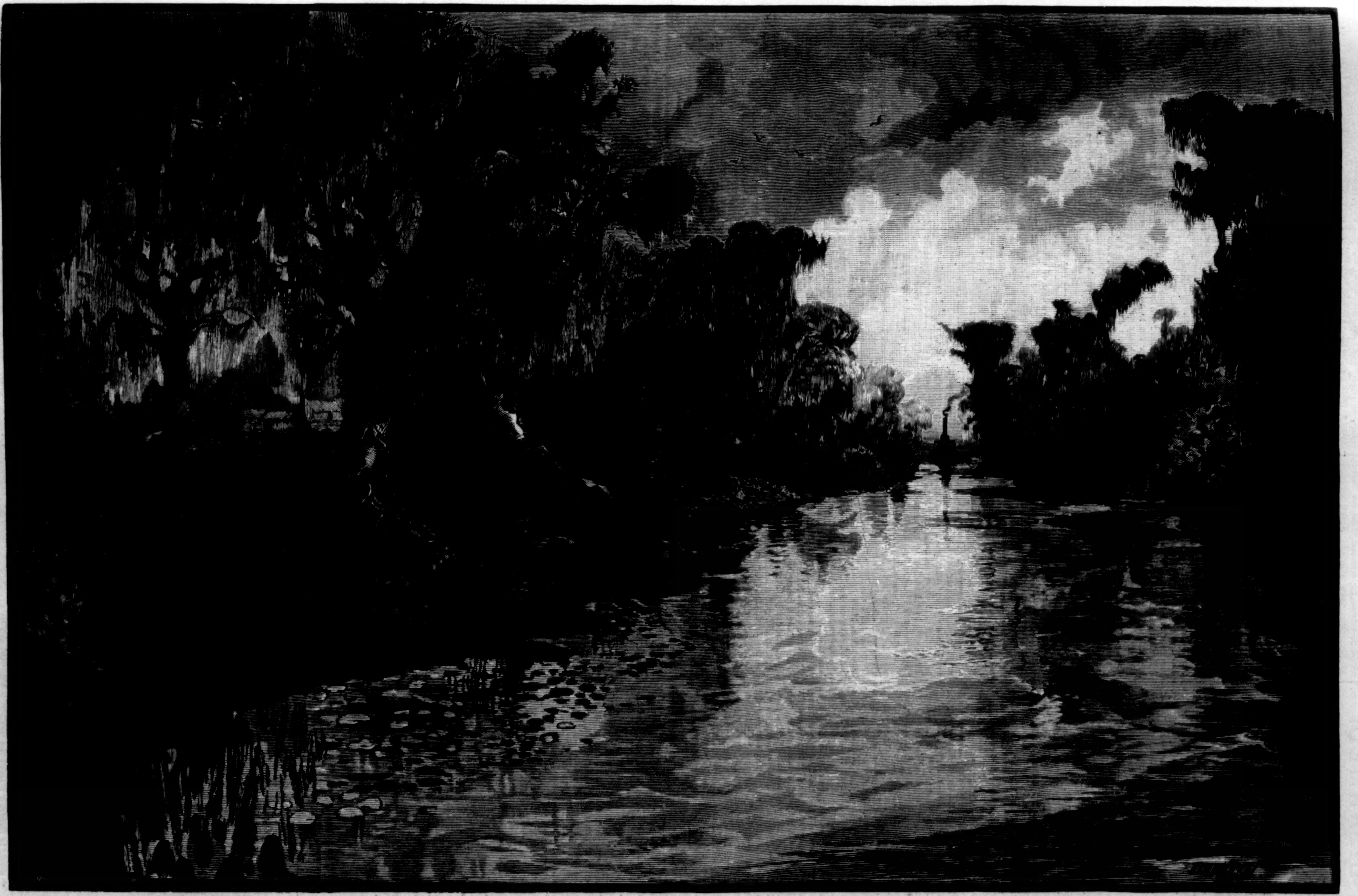
On a recent Saturday, when several reporters of a New York daily were in the counting-room waiting to receive their pay, a bright-looking young Chinaman entered and asked at which window the reporters presented their checks. "What!" exclaimed a veteran news-gatherer, "are we to be ruined by Chinese cheap reporting?" The other reporters broke out in the same strain, and for a while the Chinaman was made the object of good-natured raillery. He took it in good part, and he greatly enjoyed telling of it later in the day among his countrymen in Mott Street. His work was probably the first reporting ever done for a New York daily by a Chinaman. He had the advantage of the other reporters in at least three respects: he received special rates—nearly double pay, in fact—for his work; his manuscript was not revised and reduced by the "blue-pencil fiend"; and he was permitted to use his signature. So it was not the entering wedge for Chinese cheap reporting in the metropolis.



HOME RULE—THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.



"THE GLASS-BLOWERS."—From the Painting by Charles F. Ulrich, in the Possession of Thomas Benedict Clark.—[See Page 251.]



ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 247.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER III.

Meantime Mr. Constantine and Stephana, finding a quiet corner behind the camellias and the crystal, talked easily. "Welcome home, sweet Mystic!" said the old cavalier, lifting her hand to his lips. "We have come hither, Christina and I, because we could find no pleasanter place to die in. But what brings you from Italy, from the world?"

"Say rather to the world," Stephana said, glancing at the crowded rooms beyond. "Well, who can give any reason for going anywhere who has no reason for going to one place more than another? But one motive I had in coming here. It was to be near the only kinsfolk I have in the world."

"Say you love me the best of the three, Stephana."

"You have always been kindness itself to me," said Stephana, by way of answer.

"I have been kind to everybody, my dear," Mr. Constantine replied, dropping his voice. "You are a married woman; I may say anything to you. I have not shone in the domestic moralities, but I have never been morose. I have done good-natured things."

"And now you want praise for being kind and virtuous too? But, as you know, I expect more of people; I insist on a soul."

"Only come and see me often—cheer my solitude, dear Santa Teresa—and I warrant you the soul shall be found. I am too lonely."

Stephana's eyes moistened with tenderness as she laid one hand on her companion's arm. "I will come as often as you please, Cousin Constantine, and bring that naïve Arthura with me. We will amuse you."

"Ah! that is what I want—a little genuine amusement. I know—I feel that you can mesmerize people with those eyes of yours. Force Christina to give up Arthura to me. My cup would then overflow."

Just then Valerian appeared, with Arthura on his arm. The tête-à-tête was broken. Arthura, taken possession of by Mr. Constantine, was delighting him with her mirthful sallies. Valerian dropped into a chair by Stephana's side, and chatted after the friendly fashion of a kinsman. "I am sure we have all done the very best thing in coming to this place," he began. "The sea is the only bribe for living in England, and we are here so near London that we can run up for an hour. Our cousin is enchanted with all my arrangements."

"You have a genius for making life agreeable," smiled Stephana.

"I may without flattery say that I have. But I hope, my lady cousin, that you find no difficulty in enjoying your own handsome fortune?" asked Valerian, much as if he were inquiring after her health.

"I certainly enjoy it as well as I have any right to do."

"Oh, if you go to the root of the matter, you will never enjoy anything," Valerian said. "You must let me teach you a little of my philosophy."

"Rather of the world, worldly, I fear," Stephana made reply.

"Can any true philosophy be otherwise?" laughed Valerian. "We are of the world; we must live in it—although I believe you do hold intercourse with finer spirits."

Stephana would fain have checked the playful speech, under which, she knew, lurked a certain grave meaning.

"Why reluct at the beautiful imputation?" he began. "Were you not in Rome exactly a year ago?"

Stephana bowed her head assentingly.

"And were you not obliged to flee like an outlaw because of these gifts, spiritual, supernatural—call them what you will?"

Stephana held her peace.

Valerian laughed lightly.

"A little bird whispered in my ear that you feared the enviable fame thus acquired might bind you to Rome forever, keep you a perpetual prisoner there like the Pope. But not a syllable more, since it displeases you. Take my arm, and let me introduce you to some of our guests, one also like yourself from Rome."

The last sentence was carelessly uttered and carelessly listened to; then Valerian made way with his companion toward the music-room. What could be going on there? Piano and violin were hushed; alike dance and song were over; yet the doorway was thronged with hungry listeners, and the air breathed expectation. "Listen," Valerian whispered. "It is our Roman friend, the blind improvisator. You knew him; you must have heard of his wonderful story-telling?"

The pair stood still, and the narrator began. Was he using rhyme or prose? His listeners hardly knew. They were only conscious of a marvellous voice—music itself—that held them spell-bound, and of a sad, sensitive face that seemed to see, though only inner light could now irradiate it. Talk not of the cheerfulness of the blind. What deep, pathetic pensiveness is stamped—must be stamped—on the brow of the sightless!

"Just a year ago, then," began Valerian's guest, "all the world—I mean the world of Rome—was horror-stricken by one of those problematic crimes, that happen once in a generation, as if to teach us the irony of human justice. It was a fratricide, under circumstances so strange that whilst in men's minds the real murderer was convicted past doubt, the evidence of the law fastened the crime upon another. Never, humanly speaking, could anything be clearer than that here the innocent was about to suffer in the place of the guilty. Never was a stronger case made out by the lawyers.

"The eldest of three rich brothers is foully murdered, and the deed could only have been committed by one of the survivors, both having equal pecuniary interest in the death. But by which? By him of stainless reputation, austere morality, the devout churchman and lavish almsgiver, the wearer of civic honors well earned? Or by the graceless spendthrift, his younger brother, the hero of a thousand disreputable adventures, the wild wooer of every pretty girl in Rome, the frequenter of taverns and casinos? Now it so happened, although I can not go into details, that, putting aside such damning testimony, circumstantial evidence pointed out the younger brother as the doer of the deed, whilst public opinion leaned the other way. As far, indeed, as outward circumstances could go, the culprit was doomed before he appeared at the bar of justice, nor did anything come to light during the trial to shake the tremendous, the crushing conclusions against him; yet the popular judgment never swerved; the elder and not the younger brother was the guilty man; the reputed saint, not the sinner, here had earned the curse of Cain.

"Meantime the unhappy prisoner was condemned to die, and as the day of doom drew near a painful tension held people's minds. No one dared openly to avow his thoughts, and accuse a man whom the law held unassailable, for the elder brother had been released after the preliminary and extrajudicial inquiry. But none acquiesced in the verdict. It was well known, moreover, that no confession within the prison had been made, a palmary proof of innocence in the popular estimation. Yet what could be done? The case had been tried after the usual fashion. The prisoner had been defended by able counsel. From such a sentence there was no appeal. So the fatal day drew near, and on the eve of the execution it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could avert the catastrophe of the morrow. Just fifteen hours of life yet remained to the victim, when something happened so wholly unprecedented and extraordinary that but for a witness here to bear out my statements I should not ask you to give me credence.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, an English lady, a young widow long resident in Rome, was entreated to give secret audience to a priest, a stranger to her, whose very name even she now heard for the first time. Being, however, allied by marriage with an old Italian family, of Catholic persuasion of course, she readily consented, seeing nothing unusual in the request. It was some every-day demand on her sympathies and well-filled English purse, nothing more. The stranger proved to be no homely country priest come to beg a little charity. Instead she saw a polished, affable man of the world, whose authoritative speech and bearing bespoke ecclesiastical rank. 'I am not—I could not be mistaken,' he said, perusing her with extraordinary earnestness. 'Yes, rumor and popular belief have not erred. You, if any living creature, can rescue a guiltless head from the scaffold, the soul of another from everlasting perdition.' The lady looked up in deep amazement. 'There is not a moment to lose,' he said, 'and surely there is no need for explanation. You must be aware of the power you possess over your fellow-beings, that strange influence with which some are endowed, we know, for some Heaven-sent purpose. No flattering! Now is the moment to exercise it on behalf of two unhappy men, one burdened with disavowed crime, the other doomed to expiate it, although guiltless.'

"The lady was silent. He had spoken the truth, and she dared not shrink from the mission confided to her. Yet it was an awful one. No wonder that she turned cold and pale.

"'I have a carriage at the door. Call your tire-woman at once, and make ready to go with me,' said the priest. 'Although I believe that you are an alien from the one true Church, you can not refuse its mandate in such a cause. Two lives at stake, the one brief and uncertain, the other eternal.'

"He then explained to her how the belief had got abroad of her occult powers; the merest rumor at first, it had gained such force and consistency that nothing but an appeal to her would satisfy people's minds. She and she alone could lift the veil from a guilty soul. In her hands the granite of the real culprit would become as water or a blade of grass.

"'Of course,' whispered the abbé, as they left the house together, 'we must be circumspect. We must resort to stratagem. The unfortunate man now awaiting sentence of death is, in the eye of the law, the fratricide. The man you have to kneel to as an intercessor is presumably innocent of blood-guiltiness. We have secured an interview for an English lady on a mission of charity; your pretext may be to beg as a last favor from his brother that he will take leave of him in prison. The rest—'

"They now stopped at the great man's door, and no living soul will probably ever know what passed between the pair. Was there some talismanic charm in the lady's eye potent to subdue evil and make it obsequious to her will? Or did she use wizardry of speech that we know not of, laying bare the black soul with the lightning flash of a word? All is mystery. But when, pale as a ghost, she re-entered the carriage, her companion read at a glance what was past utterance. That evening the news had spread through Rome like a conflagration: the murderer had avowed his crime; the falsely accused was set free. But the lady whose strange powers—"

The story-teller suddenly broke down, as if thrilled and set a-tremble with the potency of his own words. He bent his head forward in a listening attitude, stretched out both hands as one trying to reach something. Then he said, slowly and wonderingly:

"I feel it—I know it—she is here. Her unspeakable errand let none ask. Where all is good, all is mysterious."

CHAPTER IV.

What easier than to snap one's fingers at laggard Time, and flout all the demons of dullness that be, when our purse has no bottom? Money, certes, can not turn the loon into a paragon, but its miraculous powers stop there. It can draw out life to those who love it. It can flog the slow hours into a rushing pace.

Talk not to me, then, of the immorality of squandering. What were we sent into the world for but to amuse ourselves? What were others sent into the world for but to amuse us? Let those sophisticate who may about moral obligation and Christian duty. We bid them pack, and in amusing ourselves do good all round without taking any trouble.

This was very much Miss Hermitage's creed, had she cared to put it into words; but she might have pleaded by way of excuse that she must make up in a few years for the dullness of a lifetime. She was old, and her chance of amusement had not come till the freshness of feeling was over. "Better late than never," she had said, when coming into fortune and freedom at sixty. "I am a miser's daughter, nathless, I am sure of it, some spendthrift's heir! How the pleasure of spending tingles through my very veins! And I will be warned by my father's example. At least if nobody mourns, nobody shall rejoice, when I die."

She was resolute, then, to spend, to make merry, and thus, as far as might be, compensate for the blank monotony of years. If repression had dwarfed her sympathies, it had not dulled her intellect. Above all, it had not shorn her of one natural endowment. She had the wit to enjoy. "I have a frame of iron. If I contrive to get twenty years of satisfaction out of my life I shall have no reason to grumble," she mused.

Certainly she never did grumble. A girl just awakened to the consciousness of beauty and its power could not exuberate more than Miss Hermitage over her sound, healthy, unflagging appetite for enjoyment.

What, indeed, missed she but youth and love? Beauties pleased her, but the sight of happy lovers drove her mad. Was it envy? Was it regret? She wist not; she only indulged the feeling. If youth and love, however, are not to be bought for money, most other commodities come into the market, and Miss Hermitage could outbid her neighbors' bows. Whilst the lazy world waits for its pleasure, how little does it divine what pleasure costs! Miss Hermitage might have fitted out armaments, bought Peruvian cargasons, conquered a heathen people, with the specie put into her steward's hands for the purpose of making time fly. Valerian's busy brain and many another worked night and day on the problem, although, of course, no effort must be apparent. If the perfection of art is to conceal art, it is surely so with this crowning achievement, this rare piece of ingenuity, this almost superhuman victory over mortal dullness. Valerian's brain must work, and Colette's and Arthura's, from morning till night, in order to keep this complex machinery agoing. If the one failed of an expedient, straightway the others were called upon to furnish theirs. The riddle must be read by somebody. But as yet all there had shown themselves equal to the task. The day dawned, and Miss Hermitage woke up like some cradled princessling, sure of being dawdled and prattled to and showed the pretties till bed-time should come round again. "It is wonderful how diverting life is," she often thought; "I am sure I do not mind if I live to be a hundred." She had not even a dim perception of the truth. It never struck her that this light and airy fabric of existence cost as much labor as the building of a Pyramid. What was the cost to her? She could pay.

So, like a feminine Al-Raschid, she had her own poets dashing off *jeux d'esprit*, playwrights in her hire devising drawing-room comedy, prime donne exercising trills for her especial benefit. And there were conjurers in her pay, and sedulous stage milliners plying needles for her masquerades, and in far-off quarters of the globe fabulously lovely cats and priceless toy dogs were being educated, talking birds taught epigrams, floral paragons made to grow, whilst, to come down from wonder-land to sober reality, how many pallid artificers sweated by gas-light, how many miners toiled like gnomes in the underworld, how many brown sailors put to sea, imperiling life and limb!—and all for what? To drive away one old woman's ennui!

"Really it is quite astonishing how Valerian and Arthura understand their business," was Miss Hermitage's remark, soon after that opening soirée. "Time is flying so fast I shall soon have to find fault with them for doing their work too well. I shall be a hundred in no time at this rate."

The secret of Valerian's success was simple enough; but has not a great poet taught us that "Doch ist das Leichte schwer"? Just as a wise cook never serves up precisely the same dish to the company that has once pronounced it perfect, so Valerian never repeated a triumph; and if a Soyer or a Francatelli can ransack earth, air, and water in search of gastronomic emotion, how much vaster are the resources of the intellectual purveyor! Never had such bills of fare been imagined, much less heard of, as those now placed before Miss Hermitage's guests. Commonness was banished; uniformity knew not its own. The wand of ineptitude was broken, and sparkling novelty reigned in its place.

Moreover, the little circle itself was a daily surprise and a mystery. Who were they all—this audacious, piquant Arthura? this authoritative, universal Valerian? the dream-like, beautiful Stephana, of whom report whispered so strangely? No one knew more of the group than that Miss Hermitage had lately inherited a princely fortune, and that her cousin, Mr. Constantine, had spent one; that Valerian was related to both, though in what degree nobody could tell; finally, that Stephana was really cousin twice removed of the first two, and widow, after two months' wedlock, of a titled foreigner. Curiosity was most alert concerning Stephana—a human rarity in this nineteenth-century sea-side resort, or in any other. A seer, now folks called her, and now one of the Illuminati. "A spirit, and a woman too," she was, without doubt, but the spirit predominated over the woman, and that was not of the earth, earthy. Marvellous gifts were hers, they said—unwonted influence for good over her fellows, superhuman insight into things unseen, mysterious kinship with those ineffable souls that have revealed hidden truth to men.

Let it not be for a moment supposed that even the vulgar-minded categorized Stephana among those self-called interpreters of the unseen world by common means and for the gratification of abject curiosity. From such charlatanry she held aloof, moving serenely in a light all the more dazzling to others because they knew not whence it came.

Miss Hermitage made light of her kinswoman's reputation, except as a factor in the sum total of amusement. Stephana excited conjecture, she diverted, she was therefore "worth any money" to one who valued nothing but diversion, and measured all things by one rate of exchange. "Of course Stephana will cost me something, will get charity out of me," mused Miss Hermitage; "all diversions do. But what else is money good for?"

When Arthura playfully called her patroness by the familiar name of Gossip, she was but using her veritable patronymic. All four, indeed, Miss Hermitage, Stephana before her marriage, Mr. Constantine, and Valerian, styled themselves Gossip-Hermitage, the last name having been appended on the death of a kinswoman whose fortune had gone to the Gossip family, and with it her cognomen. Mr. Constantine, however, partly because he was one of several brothers, and partly because the name (like Steppie Sadgrove's) seemed to cling to him of its own accord, the son of a diplomate, and born at Constantinople, was becomingly called after the city and its founder; his early youth, too, had been spent in the East, and he ever kept up connection with a country of which he was inordinately fond.

Mr. Constantine was cousin-german to Christina and Stephana's father; and Stephana herself having three years before exchanged her two English names for an Italian one, her real style and title was Countess Cardonna; but when at the end of six unhappy months she was left a widow, she disclaimed what seemed to her affectation, and insisted on being called plain Mrs. Cardonna. English by birth, English at heart, determined to spend her life in England, why should she affect an empty title of nobility? Mr. Constantine had long ago spent the best part of a handsome fortune in philanthropy, but his cousin and second cousin were rich. What would they do with their money? This problem interested the old man not a little. He had indeed followed them to the South in order to solve it. Next to the pleasure of spending your own fortune, thought Mr. Constantine, is that of watching another spend his, just as a whist-player watches a game in which he takes no part.

CHAPTER V.

A picnic under greenwood shade is a stale contrivance, but surely Valerian was the first to entertain his friends in Nature's own garden white with hoar-frost. But let no one shiver at the notion. What knows opulence of zone and zone? The rich can carry the climate they like best with them wherever they go, and Miss Hermitage and her friends, in well-warmed carriages, furred and feathered up to the chin, could afford to call January delicious. How effeminate to stay in-doors huddled over a fire, when you can be every whit as warm out-of-doors, and exhilarated and amused to boot? So "It is the greatest possible mistake to make a fuss about English winters," Miss Hermitage said. "Could any one be warmer than we are?"

That she might well say as the well-appointed carriage sped along the shore, between glittering white town and azure sea, to-day hardly rippling into a wave. The little bay was flooded with sunshine. It caught the tawny sail of the fishing-boat far away, burnishing the sheer till it seemed made of gold. It warmed the smacks of the sea-faring men busy with their nets into hues of battered copper. A mosaic could hardly be more brilliant or purer in tone than this picture. Yet when the carriage climbed an inland road winding high above the sea, it was surpassed by a scene phenomenal even in our fair Southern England. Not a breeze was stirring, and the mists of two days had cleared away, revealing Nature's handicraft, kept secret till all was ready. And what had the enchantress wrought so cunningly? Not the solemn array of snow, that is death-like and eerie, but the witchery of the hoarfrost, belonging to life and joy. In the dimness of dawn and haze every object is veiled in mystery; a glorious burst of sunshine reveals such enchantment as we only see once or twice in a lifetime. The whole natural world is arrayed in white samite and diamonds—a winter bride ready for espousals.

In the woodlands the statelier branches are weighed down with their glittering burden, but the tiniest spray best shows the magic, not a blade, not a panicle, without its tassels and fringes of crystal, its sparkles of jewelled light. Then the blue clear-swept sky above, and the blue pure sea beyond. It is as if we were suddenly lifted into some beautiful moony world free from gross elements. All is cold, ethereal, crystalline. The carriage had flanked the bay, and now stopped at the head of a small winding combe, through which a foot-path led to shelving rocks overlooking the shore. In summer-time there is beauty enough and to spare here, and then not a mossy dell or ferny covert without the prattle of happy lovers. To-day, instead of greenery and wild flowers, all was pure, silvery, silent splendor, the dazzling flowerets of the frost making labyrinths everywhere, here and there letting in a peep of the deep winter sea.

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Valerian gave Miss Hermitage his arm.

"It is very clever of you to find out such beautiful things," she said, delightedly; "and to manage even the weather. No muddy roads, no snow-storms. Surprise upon surprise. But what are you going to do with these good people?"

Valerian smiled rebuke as there emerged from the dry crisp alleys of shining white one guest after another: a bevy of pretty girls for grace, their vermilion-colored petticoats and crimson feathers brightening the scene, and half a dozen for wit, Stephana and the blind story-teller among these.

A bend of the path, and Valerian's little scheme revealed itself. Midway between the sea and the opening of the valley was a small restaurant, much resorted to in summer, but shut up in winter—to-day, however, alive with merry voices. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, curtains had been hung up, rugs laid down; the place was a picture of rustic elegance and comfort, whilst in the middle of the room stood a flower-decked table ready prepared for a savory feast. "How charming!" cried Miss Hermitage. "Well, really, I wonder, Valerian, what you will think of next. You are, indeed, worth any money."

Never was a more appetizing and animated little banquet. But the marvellous *entourage* would have moved even a dull company. It was like feasting in a palace of frosted silver under a sapphire dome. What a sight to be seen or missed! Yet the blind story-teller seemed somehow conscious of the beauty around him. The enthusiasm of the others was as a revelation to his inner eye, and when the light part of the banquet had come, he rose, leaned against the wall, and put everything into a fairy tale—the little lodge under the spangled glittering branches, the sea below, blue as malachite, flecked with many a white pinnace, the sea-birds flashing overhead. After the story the party dispersed to see the views, Arthura and Colette staying behind to pack up plate and crystal.

In the midst of this business Valerian came up. "I have to hurry you away," he said to Colette. "My cousin and Stephana wish to return alone, but a seat is kept for you in the carriage. As for us two," he added, glancing at Arthura with mischief in his eyes, "we must get home on foot as best we can."

Arthura looked dark, but said nothing.

"The walk is charming. We shall quite enjoy ourselves," he went on, ironically.

"Oh," put in the little Frenchwoman, "I am sure you don't mind—do you, Arthura? You will be friends with Mr. Valerian, won't you?"

"Arthura is not bound to be my friend, but can not refuse my company," Valerian replied, still malicious. "I will send Brown for the baskets, and then fetch you," he added, smiling at the discomfited girl. Then giving the little Frenchwoman his arm, he set off for the carriage.

When, however, he came back, a few minutes later, a certain plumed hat and fur cloak he knew well no longer hung on the peg. Arthura had flown. It was evident that she would not have his escort at any price.

From the valley several ways led into the town. Which would Arthura take? He pondered for a minute, then reflecting that she most probably knew but one, set off in pursuit, keeping the high-road. And true enough he did overtake the sulky recalcitrant. Mademoiselle Colette, catching sight of the pair, sighed to herself.

"Always at daggers drawn! I do wish they would learn to tolerate each other!" she mused. "But it is all Christina's fault."

Meantime Stephana, finding Miss Hermitage in the best possible humor, was skillfully leading up to the theme uppermost in her mind.

"I have been thinking a good deal about Valerian since my return to England," she began. "How admirable he is in many respects! So prompt, practical, and good-natured."

"All that he is, and much more. In fact, he is quite indispensable to me," Miss Hermitage replied. "But why should you think about him?"

"Because he is a relation, and yet no relation. I feel that you and Constantine and myself are bound to make up to him for the wrong—shall we say—that society has done him."

"He has everything his heart can desire. Why should you two do anything for Valerian?"

"That is hardly a position," Stephana said, gently, "and a man should have that. Some kind of career, a future."

"He knows well enough that if he makes himself useful to me as long as I live, he will be pensioned. I never intend to enrich any one. But Valerian shall never want."

Stephana looked unconvinced. "He is of our blood; the last, maybe. He should marry. He should found a family."

Miss Hermitage laughed a little dry sarcastic laugh. "To listen to you one might suppose poor Valerian to be the son and heir of a lord. A nobody he is, a nobody he must remain. Unless"—here she laughed again—"unless you marry him yourself."

"Valerian is on my conscience, and I would make sacrifices to help him," Stephana said, with great seriousness, and taking no account of the last part of the sentence.

"Why should Valerian be on your conscience?"

"Is he not on yours, then, and on my cousin Constantine's?" Stephana asked, still very earnest. "A kinsman who should bear our name, yet has none. The sin of our blood is here."

"Well, you and I and Constantine, I am sure, are doing all that we can for Valerian; and the world does not concern itself with by-gones. He is better off than most people, after all that may be said," Miss Hermitage answered, comfortably.

For some time Stephana was silent. At last she said, in the same tone of subdued painful thought, "Christina, do you think Constantine could tell me Valerian's history from the beginning?"

"There could be no harm in asking him," was the curt reply. Then Miss Hermitage suddenly became good-natured and alert, and she changed the subject. "Mind and come to our dance, Stephana. Valerian and Arthura are getting up minuets and rigadoons to be danced in costume. It will be as good as a play."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. ULRICH'S "GLASS-BLOWERS."

One of the two or three most notable successes at the National Academy Exhibition is Mr. Charles F. Ulrich's "Glass-Blowers." It is both a professional and a popular success: the studios are talking about it, and the populace admires it—if we may suppose the populace to be represented at the exhibition—and the most interesting thing about it is that the artist, after a course of eight years' study in Munich and thereabouts, should have gone straight to Walker Street, New York city, and found a subject to paint. These seven glass-blowers in their narrow quarters are making artificial eyes for the use of the taxidermist. At the present moment, we will say, they are making owls' eyes. The man at the extreme right has taken a piece of black glass, and by the aid of the three gas jets and a current of air is melting it, as he twirls it, fastened to the end of a wire, into the shape of a pupil. His next neighbor will soon take it and add some yellow; the third, receiving it from the second, will put some gray streaks on what corresponds, in the case of a human being, to the white of the eye; the fourth will back the whole with black. It requires the services of four men to make one owl's eye. The other operators we may suppose to be similarly engaged.

Mr. Ulrich, who was also a student at the Cooper Institute and the National Academy, and is now about thirty years old, has made himself conspicuous by showing that he knows what he is about. Already he manifests a determined purpose. And while the technical execution of his picture is very admirable, its internal significance is serious and deep. Here is a work which displays the sympathetic and interpretative qualities of the profoundest art. The painter has entered into the life of these humble men. They are his brothers; he makes them ours. This trait is fundamental, and it is the fundamental that counts.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

AIR THAT IS TOO DRY.

What is to be done when parched lips and flushed faces, to say nothing of the wet-bulb thermometer in the sitting-room, indicate that the indoor air is too dry?

It is a frequent fault of the air during our winters to be too dry, and for most people air that is too dry is more or less injurious, though in different ways from damp air; and while we can not always make damp air dry, we can always do the converse—we can dissolve water at will in dry air.

Most of the stoves in use have some little attachment that is supposed to answer this purpose—an iron urn on a very slender stem, or a small projection on which to place a smaller kettle of water, which in its utmost fury of ebullition may possibly reach blood-heat.

The only trouble to be found with these ornamental arrangements for the evaporation of water is that they do not actually evaporate water—not enough, at least, to make any appreciable difference in the state of the air. One can easily decide this by noting the time required for the evaporation of the small quantity of water that the urn may hold, first removing, however, the ends of matches, to the reception of which that container is often devoted. You will find that a quart of water will last a week or more in that situation; but for a room of ordinary size a quart of water is none too much to evaporate in a single day if it be cold and dry. These æsthetic urns are of little use, because they seldom receive heat enough to make the water boil: and boil the water must if moisture is promptly required to make overdry air comfortable.

In rooms where there is an open grate fire the best plan is to have an evaporator made on purpose of tin or copper; the latter is, of course, the best, because it will last the longest. It should be covered, should hold two or three quarts, according to the size of the apartment, and should have a hollow handle, through which the vapor may escape directly into the room. Place it on a wire hob at the edge of the fire, and the air will soon feel more comfortable.

In the case of a stove it is best to remove the terminal urn of which we have spoken; or if that object of art is firmly secured by a pivot, then turn it aside, and set in its place a pan which will cover the top of the stove at least as tightly as the urn covered it. A pail hung by the side of the stove, if the water in it can be made to evaporate fast enough, will serve the same purpose, but it must be put out of the reach of accidental overturning. Watch the hygrometer, or the moisture on the window-panes, and check the evaporation or stop it the moment that a comfortable state of the air is produced.

The same method may be used with a furnace; a larger amount of water should, of course, be provided if several rooms are heated by it. The practical points are, first, to be sure that a sufficient quantity of water is actually and visibly evaporated, and second, to evaporate no more of it and no more frequently than is needed.

Who are the more benefited in general by a moister air, and who by a drier?

Warm air may easily be made too moist, its capacity to dissolve water being very great. This should be guarded against, for air that is overmoist relaxes the system, and makes the vital actions sluggish. But for nervous and delicate persons, and especially for those who need to gain flesh, an amount of moisture within the limits that I have indicated is very beneficial; it soothes the nerves, and promotes assimilation of the food, and it tends to brighten pale and pasty complexions. The flower of beauty needs moist air, like any other blossom. A drier air, on the other hand, is better for persons of sedentary habits, and for those who already have flesh enough and to spare. It makes the blood tend toward the skin, and favors perspiration, while the appetite and the rapidity of assimilation are slightly checked. A desirable in-door temperature for sedentary persons is about 66° F.; the delicate will require it a little warmer, but a heat of over 70° is generally too much for the winter.

Two other services of moisture in the air may be mentioned. The first thing to do when symptoms of croup appear in the nursery is to provide a moist atmosphere at about 70° F. The evaporator that I have described is most serviceable in the case of such an exigency. And if there chance to be any escape of carbonic oxide into the air from the stove, the moisture present will go far to neutralize the effects of that active poison.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE CRANE LIBRARY.

"Nearly two hundred and forty years ago, in the early days of Massachusetts, and while Cromwell was still Lord Protector," according to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., in his address at the dedication of the Crane Memorial Library, Henry Crane, first of the name in this country, emigrated from England, and settled in Dorchester. This Henry Crane became, in the sixth generation, the progenitor of the Thomas Crane (born at Quincy in 1803, died in New York in 1875), for a memorial of whom in his native place this beautiful library has been reared by his children, in pursuance of their wish to do something which should signalize his attachment to Quincy.

In tracing this descent through these generations, Mr. Adams, in the very interesting address from which we have quoted, had occasion to trace not only the history of a typical New England family, but also, in rapid outlines, the history of a New England community, in which down almost to our own time there were no rich and few invidiously poor, and in which, of the elements of "plain living and high thinking and heroical acting," the first was not a matter of choice. The Cranes were not men of special mark, but "average citizens" of those earlier days, and, as Mr. Adams says, the character and the career of the Crane who attained fortune by his own exertions and a posthumous local fame by the piety of his children are not less but more remarkable and interesting because they are not exceptional, but typical. The direct ancestors of Thomas Crane were born and reared, and chose their wives, and worked hard with their hands, and were gathered to their fathers, in one or the other of what are now the beautiful suburbs that encircle Boston. Thomas Crane showed more of the spirit of adventure and enterprise than his forebears. When he was a stripling, "Universalism," the first fruit of the reaction against the rigors of an austere Puritanism of an earlier day, had just been formulated, and young Crane was attracted toward this creed, or perhaps toward its evangelist, "Father Hosea Ballou," who was then preaching it in Boston. There was then no public conveyance on Sunday over the ten miles between Quincy and Boston, and Sunday after Sunday the young stone-cutter, who had lately changed his trade from that of a shoemaker, after working at it all the week, walked these ten miles and back again to hear the gospel in which he believed.

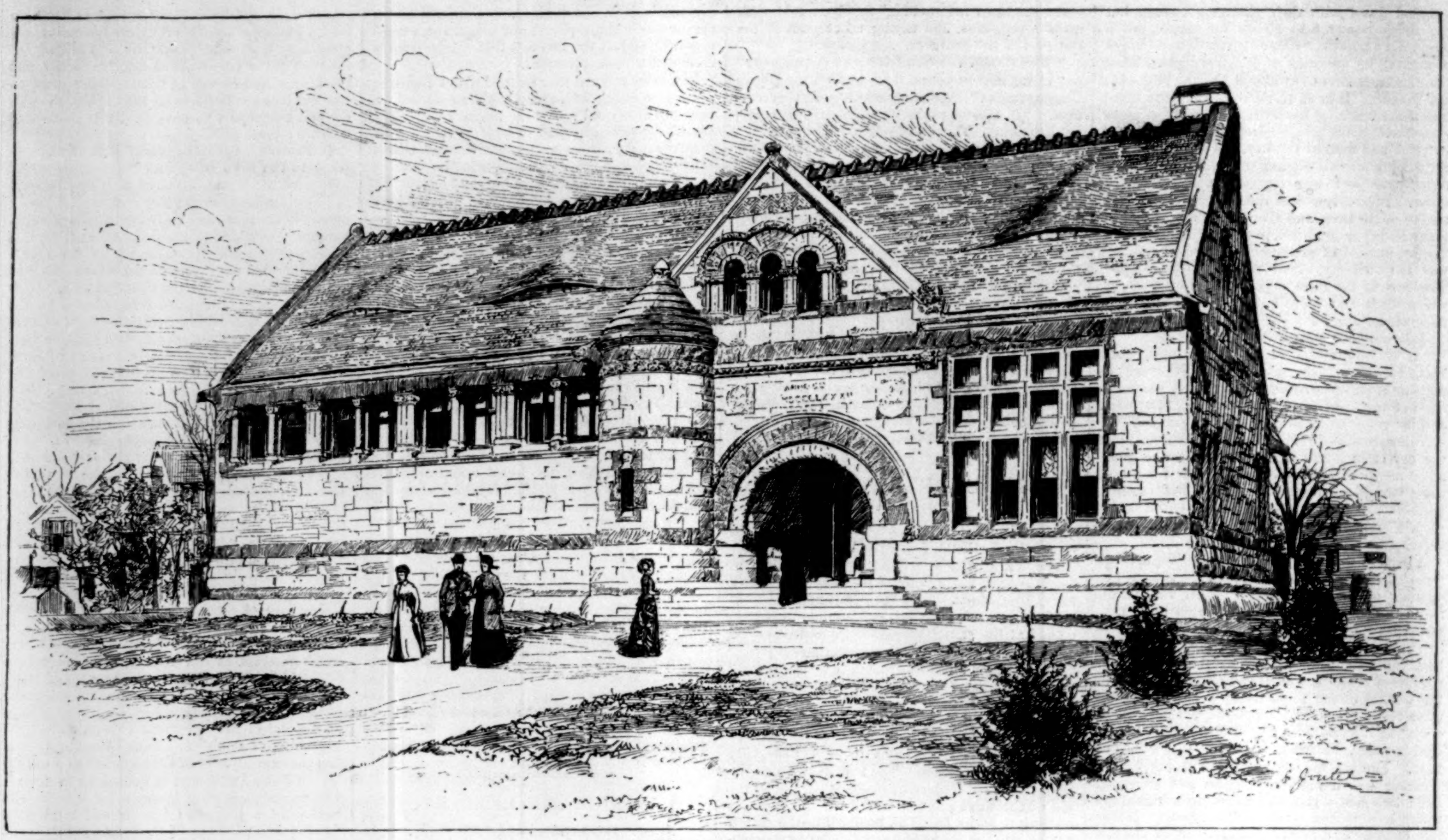
It was in 1829 that Thomas Crane outgrew the opportunities that Quincy had to offer to a stone-cutter, and removed to New York, which three years before, by the completion of the Erie Canal, had been given the decisive impulse to the metropolitan rank which has ever since made it the goal of the active and ambitious of American youths, and whither an elder brother had preceded him. With some other young journeymen he started a co-operative stone yard, and as they became disheartened or impatient he bought them out, and by 1835 had become an employer of labor and the master of a yard. And then came the opportunity of his life, which he turned to use. The great fire of December, 1835, laid waste the busiest part of New York, and in the rebuilding the Quincy granite, in which Mr. Crane dealt, was employed more freely than it had been before. The first commercial building in New York in which granite columns and lintels formed the first story was the store of Arthur Tappan, in Pearl Street, which is, or very lately was, still standing, and this was built immediately after the great fire. For nearly thirty years of as active construction as any city ever saw, there were few buildings of magnitude in New York in which granite was used to which Thomas Crane did not contribute, and which did not contribute to him. He became a rich and influential man of business, an owner of real estate, a bank director, an insurance-company director, a street-railway director, and, as has been said, a leading man in his religious denomination, abstaining from more public life, and finding the interests of his life in his calling, his family, and his church, and closing at seventy-two a prosperous and honored life, leaving behind him the widow and two sons who have paid this noble and durable tribute to his memory.

In February, 1880, the family of Mr. Crane offered to the town of Quincy "an edifice to be known as the Crane Memorial Hall or Library," to cost "not less than twenty thousand dollars," on condition that the town should allot a suitable site. At the town meeting of March 22, this offer was "gratefully accepted." An ample and admirable site was secured, which was laid out and planted under the direction of Mr. Olmsted; Mr. H. H. Richardson was chosen as the architect of the building, and the work of construction was begun, and continued until, on Decoration-day, 1882, the simple ceremony of dedication was performed in the presence of the surviving members of the Crane family. The most interesting of the exercises was naturally the memorial address, from which the foregoing account has been borrowed, delivered by a representative of the family that has given the quiet village a long and wide celebrity. Not the least interesting circumstance in connection with the library is that the great-grandfather of the orator, the second President of the United States, bequeathed his private library to the town of Quincy, and this collection of books, after having for two generations been housed where injury by neglect was almost unavoidable, now properly disposed and secure of care, forms a subdivision of the Thomas Crane Library. It is, upon the whole, in excellent preservation, and is intrinsically of extreme interest. John Adams, it seems, was a bibliophilist as well as a reading man, and there are in the collection many sumptuous specimens of the best typography and of the finest bindings of the end of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of our own. More than one volume has the rare interest of the signatures on one fly-leaf of John Adams and of John Quincy Adams. The books themselves seem rather like the collection of a professed scholar and student of "polite letters" than of an active public man; and a glance over the titles of a gentleman's library of the first decade of our century, thus segregated from more modern books, gives the modern reader a sense even more vivid than he gets by considering the mechanical marvels that have been wrought since these volumes were current literature, how short a tract of time has served to antiquate our grandfathers into an almost fabulous remoteness, and how much further away we are from their precise and classic culture than they from the men of two centuries before.

It would have been a great pity if the completeness of the story we have been telling had been marred, and the pious intention of the benefactors partly frustrated, as so often happens in these cases, by a gift artistically unworthy of its purpose. In this case, however, the memorial is a brilliant architectural success. It is the third village library that Mr. Richardson has designed in Massachusetts, and, upon the whole, the most successful; and saying that is pretty safely saying that it is architecturally the best village library in the United States. The first of these three was the town library and museum at Woburn, and the second the Ames Memorial Library at North Easton. Each of these is of high architectural interest, and the three have a strong family resemblance. But the latest is the most simplified as well as the most refined in treatment, and gains thereby in singleness and force of impression. The library is one room, without even a vestibule, although the deep and sheltered porch serves the purpose of a vestibule. The books and the librarian are protected from the unauthorized incursions of readers by a light open screen of wood-work. The projecting turret contains the staircase that gives access to the attic, in which records and files not in common use are stored, and this is lighted by the triple window in the gable and by the small openings under the pent-house "eyebrows" in the roof.

Nothing, evidently, could be simpler than this plan, and nothing could be more forcible than the architectural outcome of it. The style is the Provençal Romanesque, in which the architect commonly works, and in which he contrives to express an artistic individuality so marked and characteristic. The building owes not a little of its picturesque force to the judicious choice and rugged treatment of the material. The field of wall is a pink granite from North Easton, which is very light without being cold in effect, and is laid rock-faced. The complementary stone is a dark and rich brown stone from the Longmeadow quarries, also rough-faced except where it is modelled or carved in decoration, the darker color being of course always employed where it is intended to give special emphasis to the design. Mr. Richardson has used this same combination in the Albany City Hall and in the Ames Memorial Library at North Easton, and nothing could be more effective.

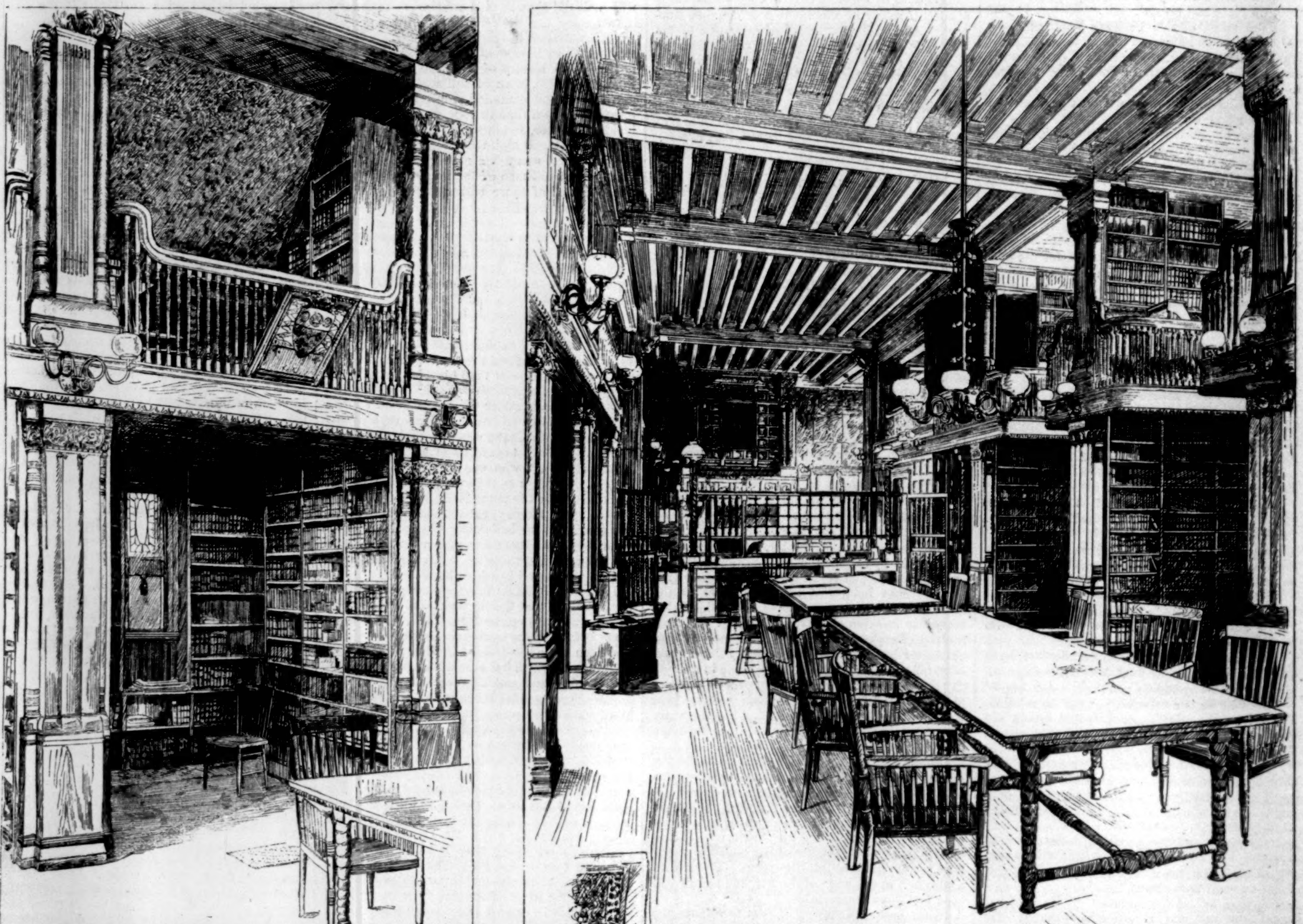
But "the workmanship surpasses the material." In fact, the choice and combination of the material are part of the design, which, even if it were executed in monochrome, would make a striking and admirable building. Simple as the composition is, it is as far as possible from being bald or monotonous. A parallelogram of these dimensions with unbroken walls and a single roof could scarcely have been saved from baldness and monotony. It is saved here by the emergence of the gable and its attached turret, *not* in the centre of the front, mind, on the side visible, by a larger counterparting gable on the side opposite, by the unsymmetrical gables at the ends, and by the situation and treatment of the chimney. And all this is so well studied that there is nothing forced, no appearance of "making architecture," but the



THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

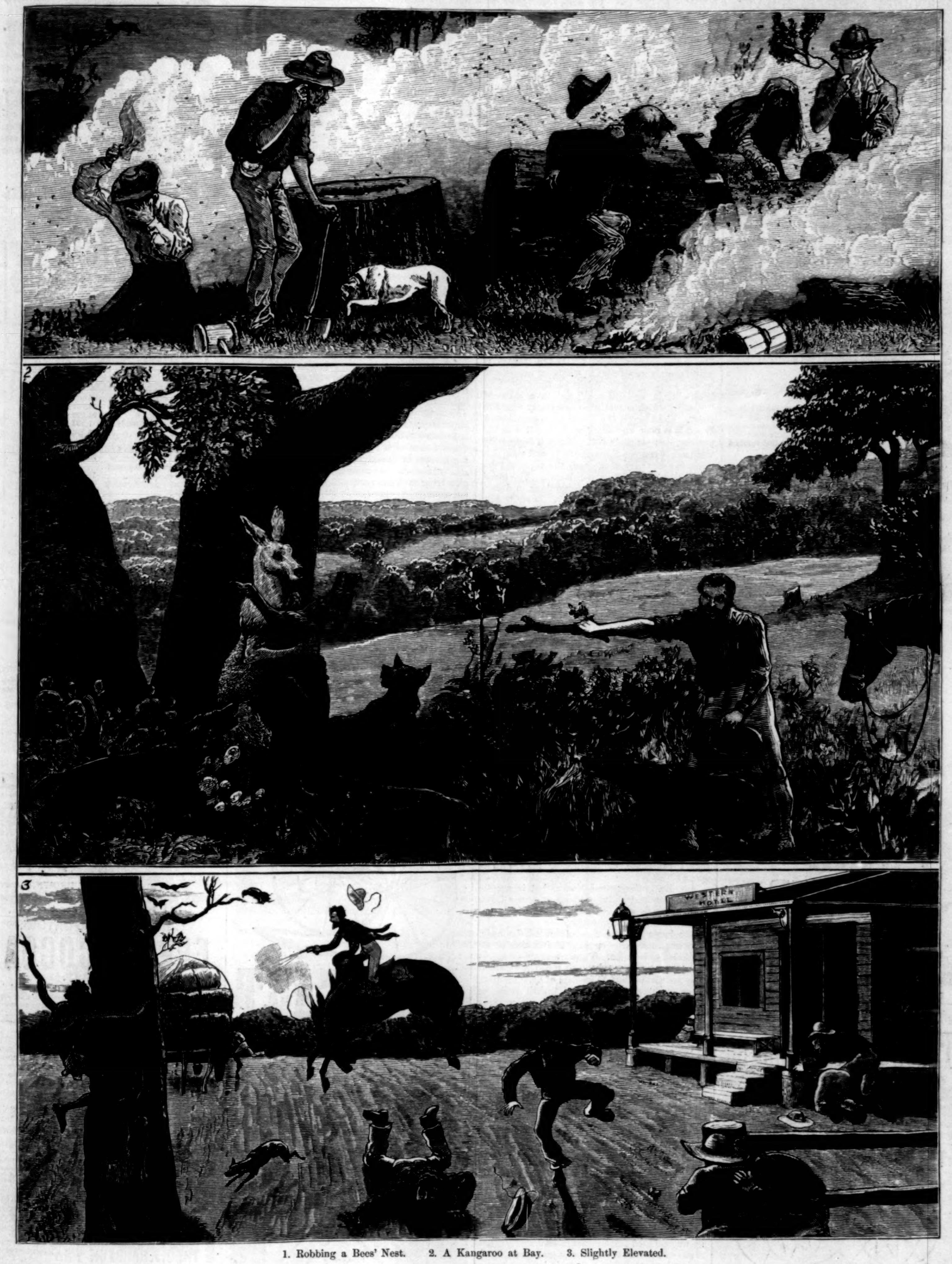
composition seems as simple and spontaneous as if it came so. There is a complete equipoise and balance, with no approach to formal symmetry, in the two wings of the front, which is brought about by the skillful arrangement and contrast of the two sets of openings. A striking instance of the length to which variety may be carried in skillful hands without becoming restlessness is afforded in the courage with which the entrance is placed "out of centre" in both directions, neither in the centre of the wall which it pierces horizontally, nor in the axis of the central opening of the triple window above it vertically. The impression of rugged strength is everywhere kept by the ample spaces of rocky wall, either in unbroken wall spaces or in powerful wall piers. No detail could disturb the impression secured, and the effect of the decorative detail here employed is to enhance it.

The real successes of detail, however, are in the interior. Here, too, the arrangement is as simple as possible. The posts which divide the alcoves, and which are modelled above into pairs of columns corresponding in position to the heavier mullions of the exterior colonnade, carry the principal beams of the ceiling, which is flat at the centre, and follows the slope of the roof at the sides. These sloping sides are covered with embossed leather, while the



INTERIOR VIEWS—READING-TABLES AND ALCOVES.

THE CRANE LIBRARY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.



1. Robbing a Bees' Nest. 2. A Kangaroo at Bay. 3. Slightly Elevated.

ADVENTURE AND SPORT IN QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

wood-work throughout is of white pine—a choice as felicitous in its way as that of the materials for the walls and roof. It has been carefully chosen, of beautiful and varying colors, and the "tone" of the interior, given by this wood, the darker leather of the hangings, and the stained glass in the upper lights of the great mullioned window, is rich and harmonious. Over the large chimney-piece at the end of the reading-room, still in white pine, and richly panelled and carved, it is proposed to place a bass-relief portrait of THOMAS CRANE, by SAINT-GAUDENS. Almost all of the detail of this wood-work deserves and will repay study. The greater part of it is exquisite in design and in execution. The cost of the building is said to have been $50,000; and one's surprise is excited not by the fact that so much was spent upon so small a building, but that so much good art was got for so little money.

LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

THE artist writes: "Robbing a Bees' Nest" is an actual scene of which not long ago I was an amused witness. These bees are not native ones (which have no stings), but the English variety, imported here from the old country, and being in a wild, healthy state, they know how to use their stings. They are now spread over most of Queensland, and make much better honey than the native variety. The mild gentleman in the centre has a bee, if not in his bonnet, certainly on the top of his pate, and his sensations can be quite understood by his antics.

"A Kangaroo at Bay" shows a common scene in Queensland, and is truthfully represented as I have many a time witnessed it. The kangaroo dogs are usually fierce, strong animals, full of fight, but they are often terribly mauled by the kangaroo, which, if he be a large, full-grown male, is esteemed dangerous when placed in the position depicted in the drawing. I have known many instances where the settler, in a stand-up fight with one of these creatures, has been nearly killed, and in some instances they have died afterward, from wounds inflicted by the long, sharp nails of the kangaroo.

The lower sketch represents our "new chum," who is "slightly elevated" in more than one way. He has been encouraged by an old hand to try his hand at shooting a crow with his Colt's revolver, and the result is depicted in the sketch. It will be observed that the by-standers have, in the language of the poet, "left something at home," and are anxious to recover their possessions. Every time the horse bucks, our elevated friend pulls the trigger, and sends another bullet to seek its billet.

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A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

Dr. E. Cutter, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."—[*Adv.*]

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—[*Adv.*]

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A cripple with rheumatism, Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me and keeps me well. M. Gilfoile, Binghampton. —[*Adv.*]

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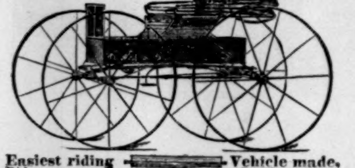

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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Many people who have tried to throw light on the difficult subject of curing disease have found that what they supposed to be light was nothing but darkness. Those who depended on them for information and relief have been, like the suffering woman mentioned in Scripture, who had spent her money in vain on many physicians, "nothing better, but only worse." This sort of experience is unpleasant for all concerned. When the sick are to be made well and the suffering to be healed, there should be no blundering about it. The common blunder of American invalids is that they think they must swallow great quantities of drugs, concerning which they know with certainty only one thing, namely, that the taste is horrible. There is another thing in connection with these drugs which is not so generally known, namely, that the liquid which carries most of them is bad whiskey. Thus many an invalid goes from bad to worse, becoming a dyspeptic, a hypochondriac, a drunkard, and eventually a wreck. This is bad business, and they who follow it walk in the darkness to their own destruction.

It is better to walk in the light to recovery and health. The old Saxons spelled that word "*wholth*," and there is a good idea in the way they spelled it. True health is a state of *whole* soundness. When a man is sick, it is not only lung, or stomach, or brain that is out of order. The entire man is affected, and the trouble is most severely manifested in whatever happens to be his weakest part. When he completely recovers he is well all over, and in a state of "*wholth*," which is just what everybody wants to enjoy. The blood is the life of the human being. When it is poor and ailing, and clogged with impurities, there is no health. When it is properly vitalized, it courses through artery and vein, carrying to every part of the body the vigor and delight which spring from real health. The blood receives its vitality, or its promptings to decay, from what is taken into the lungs. It verily gets its substance from what goes into the stomach. But substance without vitality is not life. To see how that which is inhaled affects the life which is in the blood, look at the wretched sufferers who inhale poisons. They take in sewer-gas, and the inevitable low typhus fever or quick diphtheria seizes them. They inhale the bad air of undrained swamps, and presently shake and burn with chills and fever. They blow out the gaslight before going to bed, and devitalize themselves into untimely graves by taking into their lungs carburetted hydrogen. Now if all this mischief can be done by simply inhaling that which can neither be seen nor handled, it is but fair to recognize the fact that, on the other hand, the inhaling of that which is life-giving can work corresponding benefit. The skeptical drug-swallowers, whose ideas of relief and cure are associated with the taking of nauseous things into their suffering stomachs, may not look on it in this light, but it is just as true as if they did. The facts are against them, and these speak louder than all their theories and objections. The sick can, in the most pleasant and delightful manner, inhale new life for lungs and blood, and, consequently, for the "*wholth*" of the entire system.

"What!" says a suffering and weary invalid who has swallowed nearly all the drug nostrums that are compounded and sold, "you don't mean that I shall get well by just breathing something that I can't see, or handle, or take with a spoon?"

Yes, Mr. Suffering-and-Weary, that is exactly it. Compound Oxygen will do it, and all you have to do is simply to inhale the Compound Oxygen according to directions.

The lungs are the air-bellows of the body. They are continually opening and closing as air is inhaled or exhaled. They are made of a delicate, yet very strong substance, much like leather. They are divided into thousands of little air-cells. When we inhale (or take in) a breath of air, we fill as many of these air-cells as are in working order. The air with which we fill them is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. What we send out when we exhale (or breathe out) the contents of the lungs, is nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. The latter is the impurities from the blood. The oxygen, coming in contact with the blood through the delicate tissue or membrane of the lungs, gives it its life. The heart is busy all day and all night pumping blood into the lungs and thence all through the circulation in every part of the body. In four minutes from the time a drop of blood has received its oxygen in the lungs, it has gone its round, and is back again to discharge its load of carbon and other impurities, and to receive a new message of life in the vitalizing inspiration of the oxygen. In the Compound Oxygen treatment, the invalid is given something to inhale which is different from mere atmospheric air. Oxygen by itself would not answer the purpose. It is sharp, severe, and irritating, and in its uncombined state is not assimilable. Thousands of faithful trials have proved this. In the atmosphere we breathe there is but one part of oxygen to five of nitrogen. If there were too much nitrogen and not enough oxygen, we would soon die. Compound Oxygen is a skilfully prepared, revitalizing agent, which supplies through the lungs to the blood exactly what the blood needs for its restoration, and for the restoration or renewing of every part of the system on which it acts. It carries with it a magnetic property, reaching the nerve centres, which, in their partnership with the brain, exercise a controlling influence on every part of the body, and telegraph to its remotest corner, either by sensations of pleasure or of pain, their condition of health or of ailment.

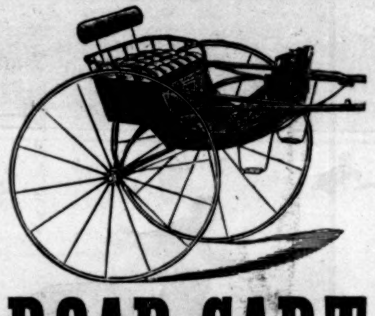
America's great disease is consumption. This is, to define it briefly, a wasting or decay of the lungs. The most remote air-cells first refuse to do their duty. Mischievous little tubercles invade the substance of the lungs, producing inflammation and other unpleasant results. The lungs become flabby and poor, like a worn-out kid glove, and grow powerless to vitalize the blood. There has been a prevalent idea that consumption cannot be cured, because no drug has been found to act as a specific for it when taken through the stomach. But it is now a well-attested fact that consumption is really curable, provided only that it is taken in time. Even Compound Oxygen will not convert a worn-out old leather glove into a new one. But it will take hold of consumptive lungs, and, by its searching and invigorating action, build them up to life and health. Its first action is to inflate air-cells which have long been uninflated and collapsed. Then, gently but powerfully, stimulating the lungs to vigorous action, it enables them to throw off the tubercles and regain a condition of soundness. So many consumptives who had been booked for the grave have been cured by Compound Oxygen that there is no reason why persons who are afflicted with lung troubles should feel gloomy about themselves, or regard their cases as at all hopeless, if taken in time.

As to other diseases than consumption. Is Compound Oxygen a cure-all?

It is not claimed for Compound Oxygen that it cures every disease that can afflict the sons of men. But there are a great many over which it has gained the most complete victory. Almost everything that goes wrong in the body is in some way or other connected with vitiated blood. In some cases these ailments are aggravated by local irritations, misplacements, or difficulties which are hereditary. Exposure, over-feeding, improper ventilation, and the abuses of clothing have much to do with them. Vitiated blood produces a lack of harmony among the nerves, and the horrors of neuralgia and sciatica are the result. It sends its messengers of evil to the region lying between nose and brain, and disgusting catarrh is enthroned in all the supremacy of its ugliness. It robs the stomach of its proper juices, and the victim becomes a dyspeptic whose every meal is a burden of sorrow. It reminds the system of the injustice done it by distributing here and there the pangs of rheumatism and the tortures of gout. Sufferers with these maladies, and the victims of exhausted nerve power and the diseases which follow on it, will find in Compound Oxygen the relief they need.

There are many medicines, an important feature of which is that they are kept on sale at every drug store. Not so with Compound Oxygen. It can be had only of its originators, Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia. It is sent with full directions, so that all invalids can, without trouble, use it for themselves. The pamphlet entitled "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" contains much interesting information in regard to it, with the testimonials of many well-known persons who by its use have been restored to health. This pamphlet is sent to any address on application.

THE BRADLEY



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Net Assets, December 31, 1881		**$7,314,655 03**
Receipts during the year,		
For Premiums	**$1,358,136 62**	
For Interest	**460,737 30**	**1,818,873 92**
		$9,133,528 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death	$468,755 04	
Matured Endowments	62,932 00	
Surrendered Policies	94,726 22	
Cash and Note Dividends	287,294 51	
Re-insurance	6,894 99	
Total paid policy-holders	**$920,602 76**	
Taxes and Legal Expenses	33,183 52	
Salaries, Medical Fees, and Office Expenses	78,154 91	
Commission to Agents, Rents, &c.	115,907 40	
Agency and other Expenses	65,655 99	
Advertising, Printing, Supplies	17,636 01	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, &c.	7,649 93	1,238,790 52
Net Assets, Jan'y 1, 1883		**$7,894,738 43**

ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R.R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks	$3,650,554 40
Mortgages and Ground Rents	2,043,431 90
Premium Notes secured by Policies, &c.	665,876 78
Loans on Collaterals, &c.	640,867 00
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans	829,778 53
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand	64,229 82
Net Ledger Assets as above	**$7,894,738 43**
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums	140,273 25
Interest due and accrued	56,430 44
Market Value of Stocks, &c., over cost	392,365 60
Gross Assets, January 1, 1883	**$8,483,807 72**

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due	$165,634 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks	6,854,849 00	
Surplus on Life Rate End'ts, &c., and General Surplus, 4 per cent. basis	1,463,324 65	$8,483,807 72

Surplus at 4½ per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (estimated)	**$1,809,462 85**
Number of Policies in force	**14,972**
Amount of Insurance in force	**$38,194,522**
Number of Policies issued in 1882	**2,634**
Amount Insured in 1882	**$6,495,480**

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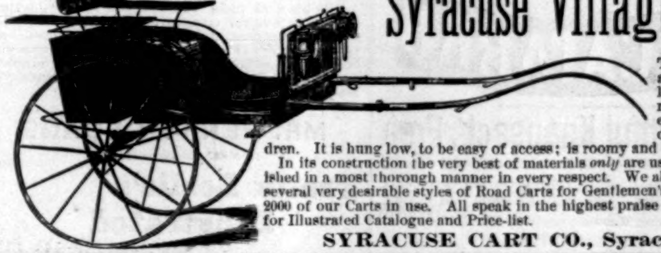

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